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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

MARCH 16, 1946



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Garden PARTY

By RICHARD STERN

CECILY'S campaigns were not, as a rule, laid with care. They were spontaneous operations springing for the most part, full-blown from some obscure intuitive process.

The passion for raising wolf-hounds in the apartment, as an example, had been conceived and implemented between the hours of noon and two o'clock. The current project was equally forced. Cecily led up to its announcement with deftness.

"I've been thinking to-day," she announced at dinner. "We should have a yard for you, darling."

"I don't want a yard," said Fred. "You have to mow it and raise radishes and—"

"That's just what I mean," said Cecily, springing her trap. "You're getting fat, you know. We should have a yard where you can get on and exercise and a garden. I've always wanted a garden, and I know you have."

It dawned. Fred knew his wife. "You've found a house," he said accordingly.

"Darling, how did you know?"

"I don't want a house," Fred said. "I like this apartment. It's our seventh apartment, and I like it. I liked all of the others, too, but I like this one best. I don't want a yard and I'm not fat and—"

"You'll love it," Cecily said. "It's just darling." She jumped up from her chair. "We can go see it now. We'll take the flashlight—"

"Impossible," said Fred. "There's something snapped in his mind and an awful wave of black realization flooded over him. "Is—"

"But of course, darling," Cecily cried. "I saw it to-day when I was driving past and I got right out and bought it."

They drove to the home the next afternoon. Cecily parked in the street beneath the magnificent shade trees that lined Grand Avenue. She gestured proudly. "There," she said. "How do you like it?"

Fred said patiently, "Darling. I can't even see the house. If you'd drive on a little farther so I could see beyond that shed."

"That isn't a shed. That's a gate-keeper's cottage, or it used to be when this was one big estate." Cecily was almost in tears. "That's our house," she said.

"Oh," said Fred in a small voice.

They got out of the car and entered upon their domain. It was a small house, crouching behind two great sycamores, and the afternoon sun falling through the sycamore leaves covered the roof and the immediate portions of the yard with flattering shadows which masked the loose shingles of the roof and the tangled brambles of the backyard. Cecily's enthusiasm rebounded magnificently at the sight.

"It has the most exciting possibilities, darling. Of course, it will take some repair and work. But basically the house is sound."

Fred nodded sombrely.

"And we have just oodles of ground," Cecily went on defiantly. "An acre and a half, the man told me. And out back here, there's an orchard." She pointed proudly to three lemon trees that hung tensely to their soil among the encroaching brambles. "And with a little work and a little fixing up—"

There was nothing to say. Fred followed Cecily through the five rooms of dirt and darkness, and he examined the antiquated plumbing, and he ploughed heroically knee-deep through the undergrowth that was the yard, and when they were back out in the car he lighted a cigarette resignedly.

"We've bought it?" he asked.

"Why, of course we have, darling," Cecily replied. "You don't think I'd wait and take the chance that someone else would get it, do you?"

Cecily wasn't in the apartment when Fred came home the following night. There was a note pinned to the living-room carpet. It said: "I'm over at our house. Come over, darling, as soon as you can."

Because there was nothing else to do, he went out to the car and drove to the house.

He found Cecily upstairs. She wore slacks, and a short-sleeved blouse, and her hair was done up in a kerchief, and her face was grimy, and she held a large wet scrubbing brush in her small hands.

With her was a black man whom Fred had never seen before, who hummed melodiously as he worked and chuckled and grinned to himself, and who performed prodigies of strength under Cecily's unhesitating direction. His name was Joe.

"Darling," said Cecily. And she put her grimy little face up for a kiss.

"You poor dear. You're tired. You sit right here and rest while Joe and I finish up." She turned over a pall for Fred to sit on and she pushed him on to it. "There." She returned to her scrubbing and her voice came unflatteringly over her shoulder: "We've gone clear through the first three or four layers of dirt, and I think I can almost begin to see the wood. This will be our bedroom. Think of the space we'll have. And the view of the yard. Come over here and look."

It was hours later when they returned to the apartment and showered and dropped into bed. Fred's last thought before sleep was that he had had no dinner.

The second night was like the first and the third like the second. And the pails of water that were emptied down the antiquated plumbing became cleaner and cleaner until the entire inside of the house shone like a new penny. This was on the fifth night, and in celebration of the event Joe was despatched to the store for beer.

And that night, too, Fred admitted for the first time his connection with the enterprise. "Our house," he began inadvertently, and there he stopped. The words had slipped out of his subconscious. He considered them, and a small feeling of warmth filled his chest. "Our house," he repeated, "begins to look better."

"Sho do," said Joe, but his face was unhappy. "Joe is worried about the yard," Cecily explained. "He thinks it's a shame that the yard is in such frightful condition."

"Umm," said Joe.

Fred thought of the bare dirt and the tangled jungle. He said doubtfully: "I don't think we could do much about that. I don't know anything about gardens. Seems to me it would require professionals." He looked at Cecily meaningfully. "When we can afford it," he added.

Joe rumbled. "Ah is a professional," he pointed out, "and Ah doesn't come high." He set his beer down carefully and held out his hands, fingers extended. "Ah has green han's," he said.

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"You don't just move a path," Fred objected. "It would mean digging up the beans or the petunias."



TRAITORS' TRAIL

By HUGH PENTECOST

MAX had been missing for thirty-six hours. For thirty-six hours anxiety had mounted to a point where it was almost unbearable. Just sitting and doing nothing was torture. We had to sit and do nothing because we had the strictest kind of orders from Max himself.

I was headed into my fourth year of working for Max Chandler. My connection with him began just after Pearl Harbor. He had been broadcasting the early stages of the war from overseas. When we got into it he hopped back home to get into the armed Services. To his dismay, the powers that be refused him the right to enlist. He was needed to fight the battle of the home front: the black markets, the undercover traitors, the home-bred Fascists.

About then I became his assistant and general handy man. Then Lee Ames became part of our entourage—lovely Lee Ames, with her deep violet eyes. She became Max's secretary, and she fell in love with him as only a woman like Lee can fall in love. There was no time for romance in Max's life, but it seemed to be enough for her to be with him, to share his dangers.

And there were dangers. That was why his absence now filled Lee and me with a kind of helpless terror, helpless because he had told us what to do under such circumstances.

"There may come a time," he said, "when I won't turn up when I should. I don't want you two running to the police until I've been missing at least seventy-two hours. I might be on the trail of a story which would be spoiled if the police messed in. I'll try to reach you if I

can, but if I don't, you're to sit tight for at least seventy-two hours."

We were sitting in Max's apartment on Washington Square.

Thirty-six hours ago Max had left us to drive out to dinner with a man named Gerard Devens, publisher of a newspaper syndicate. He would be back about eleven, he said.

We waited for him to come back. He never did. About two in the morning I went downstairs and noticed his car standing out in front of the house.

"He must have changed his mind and taken a taxi," I told Lee.

"Of course."

We were both trying to make everything seem natural, but by four we had the jitters properly.

"I'll probably get my ears pinned back," Lee said, "but I'm calling Gerard Devens."

She did. Mr. Devens was angry at being awakened at 4 a.m., doubly so when he heard who Lee was, because Max hadn't turned up for dinner.

Lee and I sat there in the apartment, not daring to say to each other what we were thinking.

It got to be six o'clock. Lee made coffee and cooked eggs. We drank the coffee and smoked cigarettes, but neither of us felt like eating. I must have dozed off. When I came to, I found Lee had put a blanket over me.

She had gone into Max's bedroom and was asleep on his bed. It was two o'clock in the afternoon.

We spent the rest of the day waiting. Finally we had dinner. We were confronted with another night of waiting. The telephone never rang once—not even for a wrong number.

It was a little after nine the next morning that the doorbell rang. A strange woman stood in the hall when I opened the door.

"Mr. Buchanan?" she asked.

"Yes."

"I have a message for you." She began fumbling in her purse.

"Come in," I said. She was about thirty, blonde, and very slick.

"I'm Mrs. Brendon Smith," she said then. "I'm a friend of Max Chandler's. This morning when I was having breakfast in the dining-room of my hotel, the waiter came over and handed me this note." She passed a paper to me. Lee looked over my shoulder as I read it.

"Dear Mrs. Smith:

"I'm in something of a jam, and I wonder if you'd do me a favor? Will you go to my apartment and contact my assistant, Rod Buchanan, and my secretary, Lee Ames? Will you ask them to join me at Lilac Lodge, Beauchamp Road, Brandford,

Bounding forward, Rod smashed his fist at the curling-iron in Mrs. Smith's hand.

Long Island? Some day I'll explain what all the mystery is about.

"Yours sincerely,

"Max Chandler."

Lee sounded excited. "This was handed to you this morning?"

"Less than an hour ago," Mrs. Smith said. "I looked round for Mr. Chandler, but I didn't see him. I questioned the waiter. He said a tall blond man had given it to him, but that he had left. I was astonished at the note, but I know the kind of work Mr. Chandler does. I

suppose I was the only person he saw in the dining-room that he knew. It all sounds exciting."

Lee started to telephone to find out about trains to Brandford.

I got the name of the hotel from Mrs. Smith, and a description of the waiter. Lee came back from the phone.

"There's a train in thirty-five minutes," she said. "We can make it if we hurry."

Please turn to page 20



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Subtly fashioned for women who walk a lot, live a lot, play a lot...

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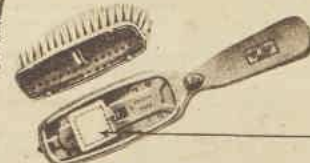
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PERFUME PAD

• BRISTLES TAKE OUT TO WASH

• HANDLEBACK NEVER SPOILT BY WATER

• ABSOLUTE CLEANLINESS AT BRISTLE ROOTS

BRIEF HEAVEN

By . . .
Rose Franken

CLAUDIA picked up some parcels from the property tables. Bridget swooped up her duster and ran on the stage, where she got down on her hands and knees and began dusting the table which stood behind the sofa. It was Mr. Goldheart's idea to have Bridget hidden by the furniture so that the audience would think the stage was empty.

"Take the house to half," Kenneth whispered to the electrician. "Take the house to half."

Claudia tasted the phrase and found it stirring and exciting. She could feel the theatre dim into a hushed silence. She stood in the wings watching the curtain roll up on a make-believe world.

The audience were children, massed in darkness, clapping because they liked the pretty room with its soft lights and the terrace beyond. They would laugh when they saw Bridget pop up from behind the sofa. Mr. Goldheart wanted them to laugh. Jerry wanted them to cry. That was where the difficulty lay. Jerry and Mr. Goldheart did not see eye to eye.

It was very clear to Claudia all at once that people who did not see eye to eye could not work together, and for that reason the play could not possibly succeed. Soon she would be home with David and the children. Her heart lifted.

"Now!" Kenneth whispered, and gave her a little push.

"My, Bridget!" she called exultantly. She was on the stage before she realised that she shouldn't have said "My." It helped, though. It helped her to say "What in the name of heaven are you crawling under that table for?"

Too late, she remembered that she had forgotten the little trick that Mr. Goldheart had taught her of jerking her head, but the audience didn't seem to notice. It was all quite friendly. It was a pleasant room to be in, and Bridget was eager and willing to help her open her parcels—too willing—she got hold of the one that hadn't anything in it, and Claudia had to slap her hand away, as she sometimes had to do when Bobby had his fingers in everything. Then Bridget lost her head and couldn't speak. She just stood there staring at Claudia with her eyes popping.

Kenneth threw her the line from the wings, but Bridget was too disorganised to catch it, so Claudia said: "Bridget, you look like a fish," and the audience laughed for quite a long while, and Claudia prayed that before they stopped laughing Bridget would remember what to say. There didn't seem to be much hope of it, however. Her brain was as empty as Claudia's had been before the curtain went up. It was as if they had changed places, for Claudia had never felt calmer in her life.

"Bridget," she said, "run and get me a glass of water, will you?"

Bridget threw her a look of gratitude and scurried off. Claudia rolled



"I want you to stay here," the little boy cried, his arms about Claudia.

the string from the parcel she had opened into a neat ball, taking her time. The string caught on a bit of roughness at the corner of her thumb and she bit it off as she always did when she had a hang-nail. The audience was very quiet. Claudia had a sense that they would stay quietly with her for as long as she wanted them to. She glanced up as Bridget came back with the water. Bridget looked like a new woman. She was brimming with her lines.

"Oh, Miss Cornelia. Mr. Ned telephoned while you was out—"

"What'd he want?" Claudia asked, as she drained the glass.

It was all over. The congratulations, the flowers, and the very hilarious party. Claudia was tired but satisfied. It was three o'clock in the morning when they reached the hotel.

"It's funny that it was Jerry I was worried about," David mentioned as they walked down the hall.

"Not jealous, you don't mean?"

"I entered my mind," he admitted.

"It shouldn't," she said. "A playwright having a play produced has absolutely no time to be interested in a love affair. But what," she demanded, "did you mean by saying it was Jerry you were worried about?"

"Because it should have been Jim," said David.

She stared at him incredulously.

"Did he tell you?"

"He didn't have to."

"You're nuts," said Claudia. "He's my director, and he likes my acting, that's all."

They didn't talk about it again until David opened the window before climbing into bed.

"What's this?" he asked, picking up the orchids from the sill.

"Oh, heavens!" Claudia exclaimed. "Jim sent me them, and I forgot."

"That's a fine thing to do to the poor chap," said David, but he looked very smug as he put out the light.

It was so late that it was hardly worth while going to sleep. They lay awake and talked until it was time for the morning papers. David had ordered them to be sent up, and they both jumped out of bed the

moment they heard a bang against the door.

"Shall we each open one, or will we both do one at a time?" Claudia asked unsteadily.

"One at a time," said David.

They needn't have gone on after the first one.

"What do the critics do," David demanded, "get together and tell each other what to write?"

"It looks like that," said Claudia faintly.

One of the papers mentioned that Claudia Brown, a newcomer, acquitted herself creditably in a confused and thankless part. Carefully David knifed out the review and put it in his wallet.

"For Bobby," he said.

Julia and Hartley stopped at the hotel on the way to the station. It was almost midday, but Claudia and David were eating breakfast, with the table between the beds.

"What we came in to say, among

David shrugged. "Nothing that I know of," he said.

"Why does Julia want to look in?"

"Because I know you're a fuss-box," said Julia. "And as it's on my way, why shouldn't I?"

"Besides, I haven't seen Bobby for a year," Hartley put in.

"Bobby's at school," Claudia pointed out briefly. Her heart stopped beating. "Or isn't he?"

"Of course he is," Julia and David came back in a single voice.

Claudia's mind felt like an octopus as it gathered up all the little things that had happened in the past few weeks—David's strange detachment over the telephone, the way he was always too busy to come to see her, Julia's unwonted solicitude on those evenings that Claudia had spent alone. Her thoughts massed on one dire conclusion.

"Bobby's been ill—"

"Listen to her!" David hooted.

"Really, Claudia, you're quite silly," said Julia.

She gathered up her handbag and gloves. Hartley patted Claudia's head.

"Bobby's perfectly all right," he assured her.

Julia pulled his arm. "Come on, Hartley, we'll miss our train, and never hear the last of it if we don't arrive on time."

Claudia could not wait for them to leave. Her tongue felt swollen, her lips thick.

"David, tell me!" she implored.

"Tell you what?"

"Has Bobby been hurt—or anything?"

"Darling, no."

"Swear?"

"Swear."

"Are you willing for me to die if you're telling me a lie?"

"I'm willing for you to die if I'm telling you a lie," said David deliberately.

She leaned back, immensely relieved. David would certainly not tempt Fate.

"We haven't had another fire, have we?" it occurred to her.

"No," said David, "we haven't had another fire."

"Then why do you want to get back to the farm to-night?"

"It's spring," he reminded her. "We've got ploughing and seeding and planting to do. And Edward only has two hands—"

"And two fingers off one of them," Claudia recalled.

The telephone rang. David reached for it quickly.

"Hello? Yes, this is Mr. Naughton. Oh! Yes, that's too bad. Yes, I'll tell her. I'm sorry and I know she'll be sorry, too. Good-bye."

"What is it?" Claudia asked.

David put the receiver back on its hook.

"Bad news," he said gently. "That was your stage manager. No rehearsal this afternoon. Mr. Goldheart's closing the play on Saturday night."

"That's not bad news—for me," said Claudia. "I want to get home to stay."

All in all, it was a rather wonderful week, a little like having her cake, and eating it, too, at Mr. Goldheart's expense. She had always wanted to act, and now she was having her fill of it, and knowing all the while she wouldn't have to pay for it by being away from David and the children. Each performance was a new adventure, each audience different—friendly or remote, by turn. It was exhilarating to woo them and know that you had won them over.

Please turn to page 22

Scrub Clothes?

I'm not THAT old-fashioned!

...BUT THAT CLOTH IS SNOWY WHITE! HOW DO YOU DO IT? I SCRUB FOR HOURS BUT I CAN'T GET WHITES LIKE YOURS

AND YOU WON'T—NOT WITH OLD-FASHIONED BAR SOAP! THE MODERN WAY TO BRIGHTER WHITES IS WITH RINSO'S RICHER SUDS

SO SHE TRIED RINSO

MY NEIGHBOUR WAS RIGHT! RINSO'S SUDS STAY RICH AND THICK RIGHT TO THE END. THE DIRT IS GONE AND I DO NO SCRUBBING AT ALL!

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They are just what Mum longed for, too, because they are treated with Eagley's exclusive "Nevashrink" process. So it won't matter how often they are washed, they will never mat or shrink. "Nevashrink" Chubby Socks are the very newest thing in children's hose, and made in sizes—3 (5½ inches), 4 (6 inches), 5 (6½ inches), 6 (7 inches), 7 (7½ inches) and 8 (8 inches); 1/9 and 1/11 a pair. Ask for them at any good Store and be sure to say "Nevashrink."



for tiny tots

ALL WOOL GUARANTEED UNSHRINKABLE



BIZARRE headdress of crystal curls with a band of tiny mirrors, one of Antoine's fanciful designs. He has always been fascinated by glass; at right is seen dressed for the White Ball that marked the opening of his Glass House in Paris in 1927.



BELIEVING herself the reincarnation of a tigress, the Marchesa Casati had her hair dyed in black and yellow streaks to match her pet tiger cub.

Coiffure King

ANTOINE, famous Polish-born hairdresser who has dressed the hair of the world's most celebrated beauties—from Royalty to courtesans—has never changed his wife's hair.

She wouldn't let him; which shows that every man has his limits—even a man who has told a French countess her hair was dirty, who has charged 25 dollars (£8) for a haircut in America, who has his clients so intimidated that most would rather keep a Cabinet Minister waiting than be late for an appointment.

Now the head of a business which employs 3000 people in salons in other countries as well as the original Paris business, 60-year-old Antoine has gone a long way since he was little Antek Clerplikowski in the village of Sieradz, Poland.

Such a long way, in fact, that he was able to entitle his autobiography "Antoine," by Antoine, and women all over the world knew whom he was talking about.

When you read of his glass bed

shaped like a coffin, his predilection for a white satin frock coat, or his pronouncement: "I do not believe in old age," you may be inclined to dismiss him as a poseur, and a rather foolish fellow.

But foolish is hardly the word for anyone who makes a fortune by his own handiwork.

And though you may disapprove of the Marchesa Casati, who, believing she was the reincarnation of a tigress, had her hair dyed in black and yellow streaks, cultivated a feline walk, and led a tiger cub on a leash, you can hardly fail to be diverted.

From his lavish apartment in New York, where he has spent the war years supervising his American salons, Antoine looks back over his life from the time when he set his little sister's curls with honey to these days when his friends are members of the international smart set.

The secret of his success, apart from a natural artistic talent, probably lies in something he puts thus:

"Women will do anything to look more attractive. A woman will even clip a piece out of her ear if by doing so she can get a special hair-do, one that is more becoming or more fashionable."

He might have added the words "with money" after "women," but it is a long time since Antoine met anyone who wasn't rich.

Still, he was poor enough when he started. To his wife, Marie-Berthe (the strong-minded woman who will not let him meddle with her hair), he gives the credit for his business success.

He met her when she was a manicurist, and he a boy but lately promoted from plaiting false braids in a Paris hairdresser's basement.

One feels, however, that Antoine is not entirely lacking in business sense.

When he first started his own salon, in the Rue Cambon, Paris, before World War I, an American woman ordered him to come to her hotel to do her hair.

He didn't want to go, told his receptionist to ask for a fabulous sum. The receptionist asked for the equivalent of £25 (five times higher than his highest price).

Shock for husband

THE lady didn't quiver. Antoine had to go. She was the wife of an invalid, and when Antoine began to cut off some of the lady's hair, the husband had a heart attack. He recovered, but nearly had another when asked for £25.

"He's made me look ten years younger," insisted the satisfied customer. "Think what that's worth."

Antoine claims that he pioneered the bob back in the early nineteenth-century, when the French actress Eve Lavalliere, then 45, was required to play the part of a girl of 18.

She sent for Antoine, who did a then unheard-of thing. He cut Lavalliere's hair short, all round, with bangs across her forehead.

After that women came to Antoine demanding: "My dear, make me look as young as Lavalliere."

"But," he records, "it was 1912 before I consented to do a bob for other women."

One of the last women to adopt it was Eleanor Roosevelt. Antoine cut her hair at his Saks Fifth Avenue salon in 1928.

During his highly colored career Antoine has often needed tact.

"Many a legitimate wife would meet her rival in my salon," he writes.

"Always they would pretend to ignore each other. It startled me to see how often the mistress resembled the wife. Or she was like the wife as she had been years ago."

"One such case had an unexpected ending. The man introduced the girl, saying, 'Do what you can for her. My wife always comes here. She is so well groomed.'

Asthma Curbed in 3 Minutes

Since the discovery of Mendaco by a famous physician can sufferer can get relief from Asthma. Mendaco does away with expensive injections and offensive smokes. All you do is to take 2 tasteless tablets with meals and Mendaco starts circulating through the blood in 10 minutes. You breathe easily and freely. Your curves relax, you get good, fresh, pure air into your lungs, and vigor returns.

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Thousands of former sufferers from Asthma say that the very first dose of Mendaco brought them glorious ease and comfort, and that they slept soundly the very first night. Then their vigor returned, and they felt healthier and stronger, and 5 to 10 years younger. The reason for this is that Mendaco acts in natural ways to overcome the effects of Asthma. (1) It removes the mucus or phlegm; (2) it relaxes thousands of tiny muscles in your bronchial tubes so that the air can get in and out of your lungs; (3) it promotes body vigor, and stimulates the building of rich, restful blood.

No Asthma for Five Years

Mendaco not only brings almost immediate results, free breathing and comfort and enables you to sleep, but also builds up the system to ward off future attacks. Mr. J.H. writes: "I was almost dead with

Asthma. Had lost 40 lbs. in weight, suffered coughing every night—couldn't sleep. Mendaco stopped spasms first night, and I have had no Asthma since in over 5 years." Mr. A.V. writes: "I had Asthma for 25 years. After using Mendaco I can sleep all night and have not had an attack since taking it." Mrs. G.R.C. writes: "I bless the day I first heard of Mendaco. What a godsend it is to a poor woman like me who for 35 years never knew what it was to have a good night's rest. The constant fight between Asthma and sleep was wearing me down, but I feel now I want to forget my past suffering."

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The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature relieve you of the effects of Asthma. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel fully satisfied after taking Mendaco just return the package and the purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your chemist to-day and see how well you sleep to-night and how much better you will feel.

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HAVE MADE
GOOD CHILDREN'S SHOES
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Nourish your family with these tempting dishes

Tom Piper quality begins in the care and judgment given to the selection of Australia's finest produce. It is continued in the skill and pride of Tom Piper master-chefs working in modern, hygienic kitchens. Finally, the up-to-the-minute modernity of Tom Piper's canning plant retains perfectly all this goodness of taste and nourishment.

No finer quality or appetite-tempting dish could come from hours of work in your own kitchen than you will find in a tin of Tom Piper food. Tom Piper Steak and Kidney Pudding, Baked Beans, Irish Stew, Lamb and Green Peas, Spaghetti, Plum Pudding and Soups are not only welcome time-savers but good, perfectly-cooked and full-caloried foods.



TOM PIPER
THE NAME OF QUALITY IN FRESH CANNED FOODS

Tourists will follow old cattlemen's trails



CROSSING TOOLONG RIVER, on the way up to Grey Mare Hut, Barney Finn leads, followed by The Australian Women's Weekly representative Betty Wilkinson, while ranger Tom Taylor brings up the rear with his packhorses. Jagungal Mountain rises in the background.

Park scheme for alpine country where storied rivers rise

By BETTY WILKINSON

Sixty years ago, two hundred gold miners worked feverishly for two years building Three Mile Dam, near Kiandra, N.S.W., to get gold from the New Chum mine by hydraulic pressure.

To see Three Mile Dam and the stretch of country between it and Mount Kosciusko, our cameraman Jack Hickson and I spent the best part of four days in the saddle, covering about 80 miles on horseback, camping at stockmen's huts.

TO-DAY the dam lies serene, beautiful, deserted.

The Kosciusko Park Trust is now considering its potential attractions as a great tourist resort. It would be a perfect spot to build a chalet when development of the park for tourist traffic begins.

The wide expanse of water is surrounded by natural parklands with clusters of rounded snow-gums and undulating, thickly grassed slopes, perfect for golf links.

Within three-quarters of a mile of the dam wall is a superb scenic effect, with a sheer drop into the Wallace Valley 2300 feet below.

Our gear included plenty of warm clothes for cold nights (although it was midsummer), eating utensils, camp beds, sleeping bags, elaborate photographic equipment, food supplies—enough altogether to load our five packhorses.

Our party was led by Mr. D. S. Mulvey, District Surveyor at Goulburn, N.S.W.

The men who guided us up and down precipitous ridges, over 30,000 acres of superb grazing plains, and right on to the sharp backbone of the main range of the Australian Alps were Tom Taylor and Dave Mackay, N.S.W. Lands Department rangers.

Born in the mountain country, they know every inch of it, and they train their horses to know it, too.

With two other rangers they supervise the coming-in and going-out of sheep and cattle on the 300 snow-leas within the park boundaries.

The rangers are the news-carriers of the mountains. There are no newspapers and no wireless.

Sometimes their news may be a

fortnight old, but it is still new to the lonely, isolated men they visit.

We found that these men are happy in their isolation. The outside world counts for little with them. They tend their stock, meet their daily problems with a stoic philosophy.

Their horses and their dogs are their constant companions. They talk to them quietly and with humor as they tend them.

All this abounding life of the stock and the stockmen of the ranges is part of the fascination of the country.

One hopes its character will remain unspoiled by tourist development. But part of the area should be kept free from stock so that the beautiful, natural flowers may remain. Already there are primitive areas of this kind and these will probably be extended.

The men whose homes are in the mountains will be glad to see the land they know so well opened up for holiday-makers.

One of them, Dave McPhie, said to us:

"It will do them good. We never need doctors in these parts, because no one ever gets sick."

Up 5300 feet above sea level, the air, even in midsummer, is crisp, exhilarating, and tonic for the city dweller.

The Kosciusko National Park extends for 120 miles from the Victorian border to the Australian Capital Territory. It is 30 to 35 miles wide.

Power will be the least of the problems of tourist development, for it is a land of countless streams, clear as crystal and full even in midsummer.

Every morning we woke to hear them gurgling and splashing by.



INGENOOK in the stockman's hut on Round Mountain makes a cosy corner for veterans Barney Finn and George Finch.

The sound of them still rings in my ears.

Great natural peat bogs, several feet deep, stretch over the mountain tops. When rain falls they hold the water like a sponge, and then release it slowly during the dry months.

These bogs are the key to a vast water system. For on these tops rise our mightiest rivers—the Murrumbidgee, Snowy, Murrumbidgee, Cotter, Tumut, and dozens of lesser streams.

Round a great log fire at Round Mountain Hut, after a 20-mile ride, we listened far into the night to 66-year-old Barney Finn spinning tales of early days in the mountains.

Mountain tales

ONCE he was snowed in with 600 head of cattle. The snow was eight feet deep and he had to break a trail to move his mob.

"I knew just where there was a break in the rocks, so got together 20 horses and made them rush madly through the gap. This cleared the snow and we got the cattle started."

"Another time we had a mob up Toolong Creek and at midnight they broke and stampeded. Something seems to get into the air and terrify them about that time."

"I jumped on a bare-back horse, raced after them, and managed to turn and hold them until three o'clock, the time they usually settle down again."

"Next day snow began to fall, and we travelled all day and all night to get out."

Finn's River, rising in these mountains, was called after Barney's father, Charles Finn, who travelled through the whole area with surveyor Stewart Rylie.

"My father and Stewart Rylie and Ned White were coming home one night when they came on an open stretch of country, and Rylie remarked it seemed a long way from home. 'Better call this Rylie's Parlor,' said one of the party, and so it has remained."

"Rock-strewn Dicky Cooper Mountain got its name from a black who ran off with a gin, heading north, and made one of his camps there."

Barney recalled that Pugilistic Creek, one of the streams along our trail, got its name through an historic fight.

"My father was told by an eyewitness that Dave Macgrinaty, from the Murray, was looking for a man he had a quarrel with, and found him above the creek."

"They locked, lost their footing, and as each one kicked, rolled down the hill right into the creek. Dave came out on top by good luck, and, after his opponent apologised, released him."

Barney's earliest memory is of the vast, wild, wonderful view from Jagungal Mountain, rising to 6763 feet above our trail.

Barney was carried up there by his father when he was four years old, from their home on Snowy Plain.

"We don't call it Jagungal," said Barney. "It has always been Bogong (pronounced Boo-gong) to us."



VIVID MEMORIES come back to 82-year-old Jack Smith, of Kiandra, when he looks at this old bullock wagon, similar to those he drove for just on 50 years. He remembers when Three Mile Dam was being built.

Veteran stockman George Finch, our delightful host at Round Mountain, took us to the 5758-foot summit.

Among the landmarks he pointed out was World's End Gap, between two 5000-foot peaks, Jagumba and Black Jack.

At the end of our next day's ride in desolate, lonely Grey Mare Hut, once gay and bright with family life when it was the home of the manager of the Grey Mare goldmine and his family, we heard more tales of this mountain country.

The teller this time was 70-year-old Dave McPhie, holder of one of the 300 snow-leases.

Ruddy cheeked, stocky in build, with bright eyes used to long distances, Mr. McPhie sat back in his chair, pulling at his pipe.

Ever since he was a lad, Dave McPhie had learnt to find his way in the wild mountain country through summer pasture or winter snow.

"In summer you get along all right by knowing your landmarks. But once the snow is down these are gone."

"Then you can only get through by knowing your country—which way gullies run, how many creeks you have to cross, which way the trees are bent, and which side of the rocks is moss covered."

"I have had to pack myself into snow drifts for the night, but I always kept a fire going at the entrance."

"I've tramped a trail on snow-shoes to get the cattle started, and driven them on foot when it's been too deep for horses."

"We made our own skis, which we called snow-shoes, out of mountain ash, with a strip of leather across the toes. They were light with rounded ends, about seven feet long."

"Sometimes with my brothers I would be out until midnight bringing in the stragglers."

"The biggest day I ever put in on skis was from Wallace Hut to the Kerries and back, 40 miles."

Dave McPhie always had his dogs working the stock.

"One night at the Booby Hut, on Happy Jack Plain, the dogs were frozen in the snow. I had to shear their legs and tails next morning to release them," he said.

The veteran said snow had never affected his sight and he had never worn glasses.

"But I'll give you a tip I learnt as a youngster. Get a piece of burnt cork and blacken your nose before you go out on to the snow and you will be all right."

More photographs taken on this tour appear on pages 18 and 19.

Editorial

MARCH 16, 1946

WOMEN IN INDUSTRY

DURING the war, the future of women in industry used to be keenly discussed.

After their work in the Services, in the Land Army, in war factories, it was said that women might be unwilling to go back to home life.

A large proportion of them (it was supposed) would try to transfer to civilian jobs, where they could enjoy the freedom and pay of wartime.

Thus they would seriously compete with the tens of thousands of men being demobilised, and great unemployment would result.

The actual picture, seven months after V.P. Day, is completely different.

The textile industry, canning factories, laundries cannot find enough women employees to keep going at full strength.

Women who do want to take jobs are not interested in the comparatively low pay that textile factories, canneries and the like are offering.

In many factories during the war, these women received 90 per cent. of male wages.

Having achieved that status, they feel that they can pick and choose—can find the job where pay is highest, conditions most comfortable.

Patriotism does not enter into the matter.

Manpower controls have been lifted, the whole question boils down to economics.

The only final solution lies in giving women in industry a better deal.

When women's earnings are brought up to an equality with men's, women will work because it suits them and the needs of industry will be satisfied.

Living on England's ration

You need not be hungry, but diet is boring

By an Australian girl on our London staff

Shopping in England is an unpleasant surprise for the newcomer. It's complicated by the fact that you can buy your rations only at the shop where you have registered, and unless you collect most of the rations weekly you lose them.

Since the average single person in this country is holding a full-time job, "collecting the rations" is an infallible excuse for "time off". A week's ration lost is a tragedy.

I HAVE a definite shopping route worked out, to save time and to save carrying anything farther than I must. When there are no deliveries, once-a-week shopping, even for one person, involves carrying a surprising load.

Clutching a couple of string bags, by a supreme effort I manage to get to the shops by nine o'clock on a Saturday morning. The queues are shorter then.

First stop is the butcher, for my 1/2 worth of meat—two or three chops, usually, depending on size. Then on to the grocer for most of the rations.

You don't bother to ask for separate items—just "My ration, please." The wrapper on each half-pound block of "National Butter" is marked off into 2oz. slices.

Have you ever seen two ounces of butter wrapped up quite seriously as a normal order? It's ludicrous!

Two ounces of butter, 4oz. of margarine, 2oz. of lard (that will look silly when it's cut in half this month), 3oz. of cheese (hope that isn't cut down any more), 1lb. of sugar.

Once a month I give an almost normal order—half a pound of tea and 21oz. of soap.

If I'm lucky I might get my monthly ration of eggs this week. Usually one a month, if that, during the winter. No dried eggs now. They cost the country dollars, and the dollar is fast assuming more importance in England than in America!

Discover there are a few tins of honey "in," so my monthly preserve ration is used to buy one.

Almost everything else is on points—24 points a month. But a tin of red salmon, costs 32, tinned American sausage meat takes the whole issue, biscuits are 4 points a pound, sweet, 12 chocolate-coated, and 2 for dry soda crackers.

Thinking of the guests who are coming in that evening for "cocktails" (light beer, if they're lucky), I buy some soda biscuits, cardines (2 points a tin, with no opener), and off the ration, a jar of fish paste and a jar of marmite, which disguises the taste of "marge" and in an emergency will serve as soup.

"THERE is a definite etiquette in England about rationed commodities," writes this Australian newcomer to London. "Guests pretend they dislike things so that their hosts will not have to share scarce rations with them. "This game of pretence certainly makes you appreciate the basic necessities of life, and that is perhaps the reason why England, so short of food herself, can still manage to spare some for the starving people of Europe. "It will be wonderful when we can again walk into a shop and order what we want. But even when that time comes, I doubt if anyone in England will ever quite lose the thrill of being able to buy one whole pound of butter."

Now on to the greengrocer. Oranges are his only rationed goods, but there are none of these, anyhow, and apparently not much else.

Lettuce, at 3/6 each, are small and without hearts, so I turn to my usual standby, cabbage or brussels sprouts.

I actually have a choice to-day, which is unusual, and there are even some "spring greens," looking suspiciously like the wilted outer leaves of the cabbage. However, they are green, so decide to risk some.

Plenty of root vegetables available, especially potatoes. By this time I hate the sight of potatoes, but they are essential for building up a meal. In fact, they practically make any meal.

As a special favor I'm allowed three rather green apples. I used to call them cooking apples.

On to the next queue. Then, 15 minutes later, and two rashers of bacon to the good, a final stop for bread.

Revolted at the thought of the new, greasy loaf we've been promised, I buy more than I need, and go away with a guilty conscience, knowing that with bread threatened by rationing, too, I'll feel forced to eat the loaf before I buy any more.

Stagger home with loaves of bread and cabbage leaves flaunting in the breeze (there's a paper shortage, too). I thank heaven my milk ration of 32 pints a week is delivered, and dash out to the office.

Eating out

YOU cannot live on this ration. Really, you're not expected to. It does contain the minimum number of calories necessary to sustain life, but, even then, single people such as invalid pensioners, who cannot leave the house, get a little more. Not much, because their caloric requirements are theoretically covered by the ration.

The rest of us "eat out" quite a lot. The nation's food supply goes farther that way. Cafes, hotels, restaurants, and canteens get special rations, and most of the unrationed goods, such as rabbits, poultry, and fish, go to them.

There are "British Restaurants" and factory and office canteens for those who cannot afford an expensive meal—and meals are very expensive in England.

All the same, our standard of living above the minimum depends on the number of meals you can afford to buy away from home, and there are a lot of people who can only manage one or two a week.

Fortunately for me, I was accustomed to having only tea and fruit for breakfast. I have coffee now, and frequently dine out.

I lost weight on this programme for the first two months, then, to my horror, found I was putting on pounds!

"Cut out starches and fats," the usual beauty routine advises. It just cannot be done.

The average restaurant meal is soup thickened with flour, mince-meat eked out by mixing with potatoes, or sausages which are more than half bread, potatoes in some form, and cabbage, a boiled, baked, or steamed pudding of some description based on flour, and even then you need bread with your meal or you are hungry an hour later.

Fats you cannot afford to cut. They are at a dangerously low minimum already.

Somewhat or other, you seem to adjust yourself to this diet after a while. Weight remains constant, but vitality does not.

Coming from a land of plenty, I didn't really notice much difference for a few months. Then I realised I was unusually tired at the end of the day, minor upsets assumed cataclysmic proportions, and I caught every cold that was going.

The diet here need not leave you feeling hungry. But it does take careful handling, and it's deadly boring! A good parcel from home is an event.

Strangely enough, sweets are not really as exciting as the apparently mundane things in a parcel. We do get three-quarters of a pound of sweets a month, but there are so many things we rarely see.

A parcel containing a tin of fruit, lamb's tongues, or meat will cheer you for a week! Offer these to your friends for dinner, and you automatically become a social success.

Entertaining at meals is practically impossible on one person's ration. Two extra people for dinner use up your meat ration for the week, and the table conversation rapidly becomes Gilbertian.

The guest who will accept butter and bread is rare. A minute chop and a scrap of bacon calls forth, "My dear, I couldn't possibly eat all that; do have the bacon yourself."

"No milk, thank you," from a guest who loathes black coffee, but has professed a passionate fondness for it.

It happens that I dislike sugar in both tea and coffee, but I have yet to find the hostess who believes me!

It was slightly shattering at first to find an overnight guest arriving with her breakfast carefully wrapped in her bag, but you quickly see the sense of that.

I wouldn't dream of staying the week-end with friends without taking my ration book, or, preferably, producing a tin of Australian fruit—that useful parcel again.

There's a definite etiquette about these things. You don't offer coupons for a meal, but I've found that country people I've entertained will send me a little "surplus" home-made butter, or perhaps a couple of eggs.

Anyone who has been in for drinks more than twice will usually arrive the next time with a bottle of beer, or again, perhaps, a gift of food.

You usually don't smoke more than one of your hostess' cigarettes. Take your own, or pretend you don't smoke!

Interesting People



MR. C. MASSEY

... Commissioner to Malaya

NEWLY appointed Australian Commissioner to Malaya, Mr. Claude Massey, Dip. Ec. and Com., Sydney, F.I.P.A., A.I.C.A., is known to millions of Allied sailors as 1940 inventor of efficient rubber lifebelt, which he gave to Allied navies. Has been associated with R.A. Naval Department for 30 years. Was Australia's wartime deputy-controller of food. Advising on our export trade will be big part of job as Commonwealth's political and trade representative in Singapore.



MLLE A. JONGH

... unsurpassed courage

BELGIAN heroine, "Dede" to the many British airmen and soldiers she helped escape from German-occupied Europe, pretty, curly haired, 25-year-old Andree de Jongh was recently awarded George Medal for her work. From 1941 until her arrest in 1943, she organised and led despatch of Allied servicemen from Belgium over Pyrenees to Spain. Citation describes her leadership as masterpiece of planning, her deeds as almost unsurpassed in human history.



BRIG. K. S. THIMAYYA, D.S.O.

... Indian brigade in Japan
BRILLIANT soldier, 39-year-old Brigadier Kodantra Subayya Thimayya, D.S.O., is O.C., Indian Brigade, in combined British-Indian Occupation Force in Japan. First Indian to command a brigade in action against Japanese he distinguished himself in battle of Kangaw, in Arakan. Was Indian Army's representative at signing of Japanese surrender at Singapore. Received his commission at Sandhurst in 1926.

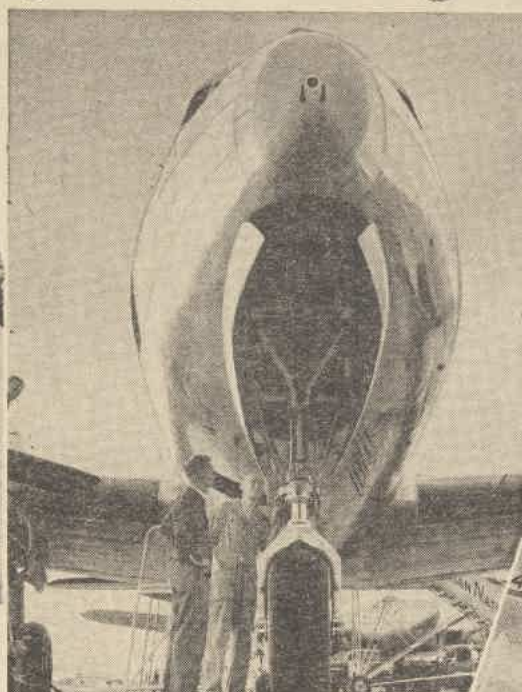


IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY... By Wep.

Record-breaking flight in giant Skymaster



GLASS of milk balances safely on a seat back while plane travels at 280 miles an hour.



GIANT NOSE of the Skymaster. Its wing span is 117ft. 6in., length 93ft. 10in., height 27ft. 6in., wing area 1461 square feet. Its empty weight is 40,344lb.



CHIEF HOSTESS Phyllis Currie (right) and assistant Leith Hanson wave good-bye to Perth.

Thrill of a lifetime for veteran crew and passengers

By FRED A. YOUNG

of The Australian Women's Weekly staff, who was a passenger in the Skymaster on its initial flight from Melbourne to Perth and back.

Aviation highlight of the moment has been the launching, with its sequence of records, of the mammoth Skymaster, Amana, on the Melbourne-Perth air route.

The flight, with its return time of six hours sixteen minutes, constitutes a world record for a Skymaster, and an Australian record for a commercial plane. Incidentally, it provided more than eighty people, including myself, with the thrill of our lives.

OVER the sparkling blue waters of the Great Australian Bight, often at a height of 13,500 feet and an average speed of 280 miles an hour, an extraordinary illusion was created.

It was as though we were sailing on the mirrored reflection of a cloud-flecked sky. There was blue above, blue below, blue all round us.

And because of the sunshine every time we looked below we could see Amana's faithful little shadow, sometimes only a couple of inches square, seemingly trying to catch up in case "Mother" got away without her.

I acquired quite a sentimental feeling for that shadow. Apart from its companionship it was, as it hurried along below, the only register we had of the terrific speed at which we were racing up above.

The ship's complement of 51 each way comprised crew, Press representatives, and passengers lucky enough to "bake" a booking.

Most of the travellers could hardly believe their luck when, after being off-loaded once or several times from other planes, they suddenly found themselves ticketed for fame as Skymaster pioneers.

As the oldest outward-bound passenger, 77-year-old Mrs. M. E. Hood, of Victoria Park, Perth, crisply remarked, "For goodness sake, I can't believe it."

The youngest member on the return trip was aeroplane enthusiast Stuart Smith, aged two, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. P. Smith, who were on their way from Perth to make their home in Hobart.

He spent his time trying to tear the window down so that he could climb out and play on the bright shiny wing outside.

Two Australians who followed the

giant Skymaster's growth on the production lines and saw it christened with champagne at one of the Douglas Company's factories in California participated both in her flight to Australia and in this inaugural run.

They are Australian National Airways Flight Superintendent Capt. Lyn Taylor, captain of the Amana, and Jack Stubbs, chief of A.N.A. maintenance at Essendon.

These two men, with co-pilot Captain Douglas Way and Chief Hostess Phyllis Currie, who were also aboard, have enjoyed a long association.

During the war they shared the hazards of evacuating women and children from New Britain and New Guinea.

After many flights to and from the mainland they got the last away only a few days before the Japanese swept in.

They took commandos and other Allied troops and stores on the outward flights and Miss Currie told me that the easiest trip of her life was when they took a plane full of cabbages.

Capt. Taylor has had a long association with A.N.A. and their original companies. He opened the Sydney-Melbourne service with D.H. 86's in the middle 'thirties and about twelve months ago assumed his present office.

Eleven years ago Mr. Stubbs graduated from high school into the Holyman service.

Co-pilot Douglas Way was returning to Perth after an absence of thirteen years.

A fourth key man aboard was the check pilot, Captain Arthur Lovell. As a lad he came from Tasmania to Melbourne, and learned to fly with the Victorian Aero Club.

He holds a first-class navigator's licence which enables him to navi-



NINE-YEAR-OLD Betty Mills, of Mount Lawley, W.A., brought home her sleeping dolls, Suzanne and Diane, acquired during a holiday in Melbourne.



BILL MORRISSEY, American test pilot, was Amana's commander on the flight to Australia.

gate commercial planes anywhere in the world.

The Skymaster flight coincided with the ninth anniversary of his joining the Perth-Melbourne run.

Perhaps to no one did the success of the venture mean more than to American test-pilot William John Morrissey.

He is 35, has an easy smile, a friendly manner, and has for a wife back in Pine Avenue, Long Beach, California, the "most wonderful girl in the world."

"There's not another woman who

would put up with me for a husband, the way I'm never around," says he.

"Why, I'd just got back from a mission in the Pacific war zone, and we'd started our long-deferred vacation, when two days later I was recalled to get busy with this job."

"When I'm through here, well, I'll finish that vacation."

Bill Morrissey's story is one of which all boys' dreams are made. His flying career, he believes, started the day he was born, and proceeded with determination until at the age of 13 he scored his first ride in a plane.

This he had to earn, however, by washing down an aeroplane.

Now Bill Morrissey holds every aviation licence issued in the United States.

As a test pilot since 1942 he has flown 800 Douglas aeroplanes of different models, including fighters, bombers, dive-bombers, Flying Fortresses, Liberators, and over 34 versions of the Skymaster.

Interesting personalities among the passengers were three Dutchwomen—Mrs. C. V. Seyderveld and her attractive daughters, Elisabeth, aged 23, and Christen, aged 20.

After being in a Japanese internment camp in Batavia for three and a half years, during which they had been roughly treated and half-starved, they were rejoining husband and father, W/O. Seyderveld, of the Dutch Navy, who is stationed in Perth.

They were the first to step out of the plane as she landed, and there was distress in the voices as they called "Papa, Papa" and Papa was not forthcoming.

However, he was only a little bit

late and the reunion was most touching.

There was a variety of reasons for people making the trip.

Mr. Angus Lukis, of Melbourne, was going to pick up a ship in Fremantle and set out on a business tour to many parts of the world.

Mr. (ex-RAAF) and Mrs. Jack Guilfoyle, of Mount Hawthorn, Perth, were returning to settle in Perth with three-year-old Lynette, who was already a seasoned plane and train traveller.

Mrs. Alex Silver, of Midland, Perth, was hurrying home to celebrate her eleventh wedding anniversary at her home. Her husband, who was a corporal in the A.I.F., is discharged and back at work.

Mrs. A. G. Symington, honorary director of Red Cross Prisoner-of-War Bureau in Perth, was en route to attend an interstate P.O.W. Bureau Conference in Melbourne, and ex-Army nurse Joy Moore was going through to Melbourne to do a midwifery course at Melbourne Women's Hospital.

Altogether a typical cross-section of modern life.

OUR COVER

MICHAEL LIDDY, the young man on our cover this week, is seven months old. He is the son of Major and Mrs. J. F. Liddy, No. 1 Glenwood Avenue, Coogee, N.S.W.

This bond he is reminding you to buy is a bond in the Security Loan, which opens on March 12.

WE expect that the A.I.F. will give a rousing cheer for Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten when they arrive in Australia this month.

They were popular with the Australian servicemen who met them in Singapore and the Netherlands East Indies, particularly Lady Louis.

An Australian soldier who was at Balikpapan when she called there told us that as she stepped from the plane the boys gave her one of those good old whistles which servicemen are wont to give when a pretty poppy passes.

Lady Louis paused halfway down the gangway and whistled right back.

Life in Darwin

IN spite of a high cost of living, housing shortage, lack of fresh fruit and vegetables, few clothes in the stores, and no civilian doctors Darwin women are glad to be home after their wartime exile.

Our Darwin correspondent says that household budgeting is a headache with bread at 11d. a loaf, 1/6 for a small block of ice, two-thirds the size of the ordinary large block, and eggs at 3/- a dozen. That is, of course, when there are any eggs.

However, if they want to, Darwin residents can buy refrigerators, motor-cars, and second-hand furniture at bargain prices through the Army Disposals Commission.

New York Round-up

New half-hour service banishes dreary washing day

Radioed by L. J. MILLER of our New York office

Washday drudgery is on the way out in America's postwar world. The latest service enables the housewife to take the laundry along when going shopping, leave it at a laundrette, and call back thirty minutes later to collect it clean.

A FIRM has installed this swift laundry service at 17 points of New York City. At each laundrette a number of automatic electric washing machines are installed.

Each machine will take up to ten pounds of washing, which is treated at a cost of only 25 cents (about 1/6).

The washing machine is completely automatic. It washes, triple rinses, damp dries, and shuts itself off when the laundry is clean.

Attendants are chosen particularly for their cheerfulness to add to the pleasant satisfaction of the housewife at this labor-saving service.

PSYCHOLOGIST Dr. Alfred J. Marrow has made some quaint observations of interest to women this week.

Marrow is described as "field collaborator of the research centre for group dynamics of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology."

Broken down, that means he is a psychiatrist who specialises in finding out what's worrying groups of people, rather than individuals.

He carries psychiatry right into the home. He says when he throws a party he always gives his guests two heavy whiskeys right at the start.

"The brand I use looks innocent, but is 100 per cent proof," he says. "Before the guests know it, their inhibitions have gone and everybody has a fine time."

He added that that reminded him of the lady who used to say "Get 'em part drunk first, then they won't know what they're eating, thus avoiding the need for careful preparation of meals."

Marrow says: "When a guy lets his hair grow, picks fights in night clubs, stands on his head in public, or marries eight women, he's merely attracting attention to himself to make up for lack of attention when he was a child."

"Children have a rough time, anyway. They're confused by the law of gravity—by the fact that things fall down instead of up."

Memory of famous flier

PASSERS-BY along the Seawall, Glenelg, Adelaide, always stop to look at the metal aeroplane propeller over the gate of No. 13, the home of Mrs. James Melrose.

It bears the inscription: "Jimmie Melrose, only solo and youngest flier in Centenary Air Race, 1934."

This propeller, which was brought by the young airman from England on one of his flights, recently replaced the larger wooden propeller from the race plane. His mother thought it would endure all weathers on the seafloor better than the wooden one.

The wooden propeller is now on the wall of her sitting-room.

Jimmie Melrose named his three planes after his mother, whose maiden name had been Hilda Westley Billing. His first, "My Hildegarde," carried the word "My" in deference to his mother's faith in the number 13, a faith confirmed, she says, by the fact that Jimmie was born on September 13, 1913.

His second plane, in which he attempted to break the world's record, was the "Westley," and the ill-fated plane which he brought out from England alone, and in which he crashed fatally, was the "Billing."

FASHION-PLATE

I WONDER why
They never ration
The vagaries
Of female fashion?
Your dinner-gown
Is so brand-new
It's sure to last
A course or two,
But by the time
You reach the sweet,
I'll bet the style
Is obsolete.

—LARRY BOYS.

Treasured reminders of her famous son include a cutting book which opens with a picture of Jimmie at the age of four driving a toy motor car given him by his father. He had, however, converted it into an aeroplane by replacing the body with boards to represent aeroplane wings and a couple of sticks stuck into the front axle to represent a propeller.

She has also the wrecked joystick retrieved after the crash of the "Billing."

Bubbly but no food

OUR correspondent Anne Matheson reports from Paris, where she is covering the dress shows at famous French houses, that they are being held with all the elegance and luxury of the prewar days.

"This spring the shows are something of a social occasion," she says.

"They commence as early as 8 a.m. with breakfast. Champagne is served in the mid-morning. There are delicately served fork-lunches before the afternoon shows and ice-cold champagne flows again."

"Champagne suppers at midnight conclude the day's showing."

"But the entire day's tit-bits wouldn't make up for one good Australian meal."

"France is still desperately short of food."

From food to personalities, Anne Matheson says that two people who captured a good deal of attention were the Duchess of Windsor and Yeo Thomas, the English flier.

Yeo was decorated for parachuting into France to carry on secret work and was captured. He managed to escape.

"He helped to design the Molyneux collection and many of the daily gift seats for buyers were occupied by his R.A.F. colleagues," says the cable.

"The Duchess looks so amazingly youthful that she passes for early thirties."

A mother on strike

THE problems of the old woman who lived in a shoe were no greater than those of the mothers of large families unable to get domestic help these days.

One we know, who has four children, often has several small relatives staying with her.

A few Sundays ago she went on strike and spent the entire afternoon in her garden, refusing to do more for her family than to give them tea at five.

With tea were instructions that they were to bath and put themselves to bed immediately.

At 8 o'clock she came in from the garden to indulge in the luxury of a deep hot bath. She had been soaking peacefully for just five minutes when half a dozen faces appeared round the doorway.

Her five-year-old daughter, as leader of the deputation, wanted to know when she was coming to kiss them good-night.

"My goodness," said the weary mother, "can't you put yourselves to bed for once? How would it be if all grown-ups expected to be tucked in every night?"

With great indignation the five-year-old replied: "But mother, we're only little children, and you can't expect too much of little children!"

Ice-cream queues

AN Englishwoman, Miss A. E. W. Booy, who lived in Victoria for the past few years and who has recently returned to London, has written to us.

"The point we particularly noted in her letter was about ice-cream."

She says, "Ice-cream is back again and everyone buys as much as they can."

"Although it's wintertime the sale is terrific."

"Queues for hot roasted chestnuts jostle elbows with queues of shivering men, women, and children, waiting to buy ice-creams at the next barrow."

"The desire for sweetness and anything with milk in it seems never to be satisfied."

THE long-suffering English housewife is one of the main contributors to letters to the editors of British papers. In London's "Daily Mirror" we read this plaintive letter:

"Mrs. No cereals. No soap. Three dirty children. Government officials please note. Action wanted quick!"

The editor's reply was: "You'll have to get rid of the children, lady!"

Animal Antics



"His uncle cut him off without a cent!"

Flax for peace

IT looks as though Australia will retain its wartime industry of flax-growing. Already our scientists and engineers have developed a special binder and also machinery for reaping and spreading which are likely to be adopted by other flax-producing countries.

Western Australian scientists have produced a new type of flax specially evolved to resist cutworm and rust. To date, even D.D.T. has been unable to combat cutworm for more than a few weeks at a time.

"This new flax has been christened 'Wads'—the initials of the Western Australian Department of Agriculture."

As Australian flax doesn't bear comparison with the European product, and as wartime demands are no longer there, the Australian acreage will be reduced by about half to 30,000 acres.

UNABLE to find a pair of shoes of the type he wanted, a customer in a New York store glanced at the clerk's feet and said: "That's what I want!"

The clerk took off his shoes and sold them to the customer.

Charter from Changi

AN ex-P.O.W. Private W. H. Watkins, a member of the Federated Malay States Volunteer Force, now of Caulfield, Victoria, has sent us what we regard as a valuable human document.

It is the Changi prison camp version of the Atlantic Charter.

Private Watkins explains to us that a group of men of various nationalities, all living under the most appalling conditions, worried out what they considered a charter for world peace.

The three copies he has sent us, one in English, the second in Dutch, and the third in Malay, all bear a purple stamp, which Private Watkins said was made from a piece of old motor tyre.

"The typewriter was used in hospital," he writes. "The Dutch translation was worked out by a Dutch friend of mine, Baron de Muralh, and the Malay translation by Malay civil service men and Javanese soldiers."

The charter is headed "International People's Union."

Its clauses are:

To provide and protect the means of life and health of the child.

To secure an adequate provision and equitable distribution of food.

To guard and guarantee the security of the home.

To maintain the equal rights and claims of women with men within the Union.

To encourage the best rewards of work and the mutual exchange of wealth free from the burden of usury and aggressive self-interest.

To co-operate with all people in all lands who cherish the right to live and labor in accord with personal conscience and public good-will that the right of each and the good of all may flourish and yield increase in wisdom, concord, and prosperity to all people for all generations.

THE LITTLE SCOUTS



"It's not all just bugs and flowers, though. Last summer we found a torso!"



AFTER CEREMONY. Mr. and Mrs. Bill Strong leaving St. Philip's after their marriage. Bride was formerly Valda Gordon, youngest daughter of the late Mr. F. Gordon and of Mrs. H. Gordon, of St. Leonards.



CELEBRATIONS. Newly married Mr. and Mrs. Joe Donnelly (right) dine at Prince's with Dr. Keith Falk and Aileen Donnelly, who announce their engagement. Dr. Falk is at St. Vincent's Hospital.



GUARD OF HONOR for Lieut.-Commander and Mrs. Douglas Gilbert, at St. Mark's, Darling Point. Bride was Nancy Tomkins, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Burgoyne Tomkins, of Goondawindi, Queensland. Bridegroom is secretary to Admiral R. H. Portal, R.N.



FAREWELL DINNER. Corporal Betty Fine and ACW Thelma Johnson put out place-cards for dinner at Rose's which marks disbanding of headquarters, No. 5 Maintenance Group, Darling Point. Wing-Commander C. H. S. Johnstone acts as host to officers and his staff of Waaaja.



NEW SHOES. Pretty Peggy Buckle (right) admires the plastic shoes which Mrs. Joan Wright will wear as matron of honor for Peggy when she marries Rex Morris on March 21 at St. Philip's, Church Hill.



IN CHUNGKING. Four Australian girls in UNRRA (from left), Gwendolyn Chitty (Melb.), Irene Ramsay, Kathleen Morrissey, and Shirley Prior, with another official, photographed before leaving for Shanghai.

Intimate Gossipings

WHEN Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten arrive in Australia this month they will make the acquaintance of Lord Louis' godchild, David Cook.

Three-year-old David is the son of Commander and Mrs. Freddie Cook. Lord Louis' christening present, sent from England, was a silver mug.

Commander Cook was one of Lord Louis' commanding officers in Combined Operations. He led the first operation, a landing at Bruneval, in France, and received D.S.C. for his work.

At moment, Commander Cook and his family are living at Flinders Naval Depot, where he is commodore.

GREAT excitement for Mr. and Mrs. Harold Nowater when their son, Lieut.-Commander Dick Nowater, D.S.C., arrives home after six years with the Royal Navy. Last year he was in Germany as Staff Officer for Disarmament of Warships. He was also Naval Liaison Officer for the Fishery Control Board and the Navy. Tells me that his wife and four-year-old son Steven will be arriving in Australia later in the year. Until then Dick is staying with his parents at their home at Dee Why. His wife was formerly Nancy Swan, of Birkenhead.

"BUBBIE" WHEELER certainly rocked Sydney with her surprise marriage with Dick Aitken-Quack after a whirlwind four-day courtship. Saw her lunching at Romanos few hours before the ceremony, and nary a word about it. Drinks at the Australia and later at Romanos followed ceremony, which was held at Methodist Chapel, City.

"IVE a crick in my neck from looking out the window at the weather," says Margot McNiven when I ring her on the morning of her wedding to Dr. Alan Bailey, which is celebrated at St. Mary's Cathedral. Margot, who is only daughter of the Arthur McNivens, of Lindfield, has four pretty girls as attendants—her sister-in-law, Mrs. John McNiven; Beryl Slingo, Gailie Bailey, Alba Callinan. After a week's honeymoon at Lapstone, Margot and Alan will return to Sydney so that Margot can be matron of honor to Alba Callinan when she marries Bill Campin at St. Mary's on March 18.

JEAN ACKLAND looked as soignée as always in a gold-studded white crepe dinner-gown when she danced with Lord Gifford at Prince's to the tune of "Don't Fence Me In". The Giffords were entertaining party of friends, and were also joined later in the evening by Dick and Pauline Allen, who had been dining a deux.

THE King's School Chapel chosen by Marie Greer and Raymond Single for their marriage. Wedding is of country interest, as bride is daughter of Mr. S. M. Greer, of Gungahy, Murrumbidgee, and late Mrs. Greer, and the groom is son of Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Single, of Boonah, Queensland. Couple spending holiday at Jervis Bay, and later will make home at Castle Hill.



PLANNING DANCE. From left: Harry Jones, Shirley Miller, George Dodd, and June Lovatt, who are arranging the first postwar annual Intermediate Legacy Club Ball to be held on June 8 at State Ballroom.

ENGLISH airmail brings letter from "Brownie" Gardiner with invitation to wedding of step-daughter Elizabeth to Lieutenant Charles Lushington Picken, R.N. Can't accept, of course, as wedding is arranged for February 9 at Boxgrove Church, Chichester, England. But I study with interest quaint little map showing location of church... its full name is The Priory of St. Mary and S. Blaise, Boxgrove. Reception is at Dolphin Hotel, Chichester. Many Sydney friends missing "Brownie" and her husband, Mr. Harold Gardiner, who left Australia last year for England.

LETTER from one of my far-flung correspondents, Don Rowlands, of R.N., now in Hongkong, tells me about his visit to Chinese playhouse. "Amused to see all the stagehands and characters not in action, sundry children, and friends of the actors just wandering round the stage during the performance, all in full view of the audience. We even saw Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser, immaculate in his white uniform, also making a backstage tour."

RECEPTION at Maccabean Hall follows wedding of Alice Myers and Sol Krasnostein at Great Synagogue. Bride is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Myers, of Arncliffe, and bridegroom son of Mr. and Mrs. M. Krasnostein, of Mt. Lawley, Western Australia.

ADMIRED Mrs. Hugh Birch's green and white figured frock when she entertained Mrs. John Hall and Claudia Beasley at Prince's when Mrs. Hall was in Sydney from her Newcastle home for few days.



LEAVING CHURCH. Mr. and Mrs. Tony Warden leaving St. James' after their marriage. Mrs. Charles Cree and Mrs. M. Jagelman were attendants. Bride was Patricia Maxwell of Cootamundra.

FELT myself going green with envy when I saw Ruth Watt dancing at Prince's in glorious ecru chiffon gown with appliqued bodice of floral motifs and scattered appliqued motifs on the flowing skirt. Also in party were Audrey Winter Irving, Maggie Fielding Jones, partnered by R.N., and June and Sam Hardern.

joyce

"Can anyone give me back six years of my life?"

No, soldier . . . no one can turn back time, no one can compensate you for the years of hardship and danger.

But this we can and will do—we can make sure that your sacrifice will **guarantee your future** in a peacetime world. And to ensure this, Australia's Rehabilitation Programme has been planned.

The people of Australia are asked to invest in the £70,000,000 Security Loan, launched to provide our Service men and women with the fresh start in life which is but part of the debt we owe them.

And money invested in Security Loan serves a **two-fold purpose** . . . it helps ensure the success of the Rehabilitation Programme, and at the same time it helps establish your future security—your savings earn generous interest (better than bank rates), repayment in full at maturity is guaranteed by all the assets of the Commonwealth, and in emergency, your Bonds will provide ready cash.

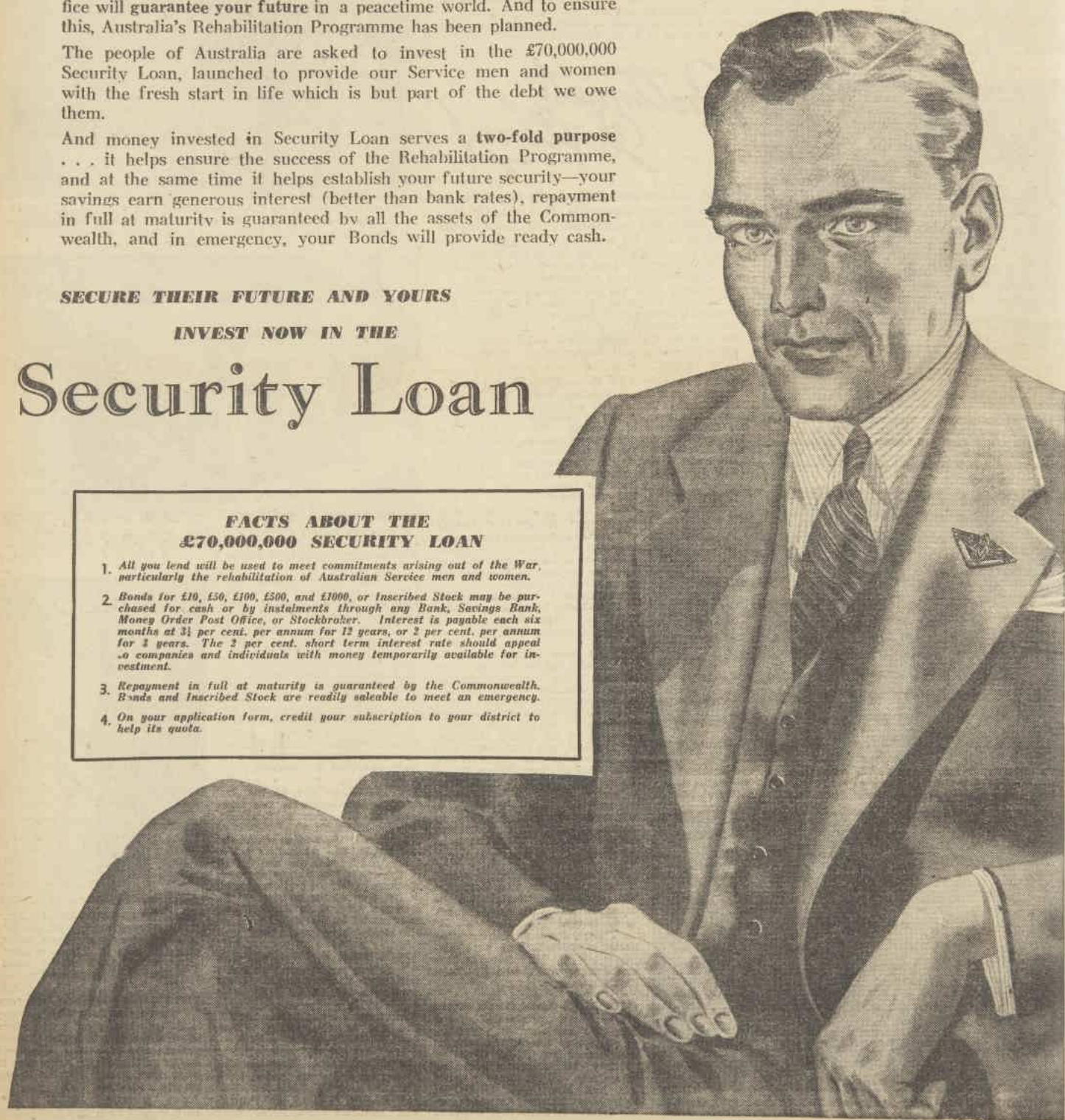
SECURE THEIR FUTURE AND YOURS

INVEST NOW IN THE

Security Loan

FACTS ABOUT THE £70,000,000 SECURITY LOAN

1. All you lend will be used to meet commitments arising out of the War, particularly the rehabilitation of Australian Service men and women.
2. Bonds for £10, £50, £100, £500, and £1000, or Inscribed Stock may be purchased for cash or by instalments through any Bank, Savings Bank, Money Order Post Office, or Stockbroker. Interest is payable each six months at 3½ per cent. per annum for 12 years, or 2 per cent. per annum for 3 years. The 2 per cent. short term interest rate should appeal to companies and individuals with money temporarily available for investment.
3. Repayment in full at maturity is guaranteed by the Commonwealth. Bonds and Inscribed Stock are readily saleable to meet an emergency.
4. On your application form, credit your subscription to your district to help its quota.



SLA 146.26

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

IMMENSELY powerful planetary radiations can produce amazing contradictions. Fortunes are evenly balanced between good and bad; but those most likely to benefit are Pisceans, Scorpions, Cancerians, and a few Capricornians and Taurians.

Those most subject to distress will be Geminians, Sagittarians, and Virgoans.

The former group should seek favors, gains, and changes; but the latter group must live quietly and avoid change.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week—

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): March 21 and 19 can be difficult. Be cautious. March 13 and 18 poor. March 14, 15, 16, and 17 quite helpful.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): March 21 (early and late), 14, and 15 quite poor. March 13 (early), 16, and 18 (late) fair. March 17 quite good.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): Avoid gains and losses, especially on March 11 (early), 16, and 18 (early). March 17 and 19 may seem good, but are deceptive, be wary.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): Seek gains and favors. March 12 (daylight) good, (late) adverse. March 13 (except 12 p.m.) good. March 14 (except 10 a.m.) good. March 17 (after 10 a.m.) excellent. March 19 adverse.

LEO (July 21 to August 24): March 14



"You heard me—I said separate checks!"

(early) poor, (late) helpful. March 16 (late) fair. March 18 (early and midday) good, balance very poor.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23): Beware losses, especially on March 12, 14 (early), 16, and 19. March 17 receptively pleasing.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): March 13 adverse. March 12 poor. March 14 fair. March 16 (late) fair. March 19 (early and midday) fair, balance poor.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 21): March 12 (daylight) good, (evening) poor. March 13 (in midday) good. March 16 fair. March 17 excellent. March 18 outstanding, be wary.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 21 to Dec. 21): Wary and uneasy overall, especially on March 12, 16, and 18. March 17 and 18 even better than they are, be careful.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Be cautious on March 12, 13, 15, and 19. March 14 can be very good.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): March 14 and 15 poor. March 17 (early) poor, (late) good. March 18 (late) fair. March 19 (early and noon to 4 p.m.) good, balance adverse.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): March 12 (daylight) and 13 (except noon to 4 p.m.) good. March 14 good. March 16 and 19 poor. March 17 deceptive. March 19 much.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

YOUR COUPONS

TEA: 22 to 44.
BUTTER: 19 to 22 and 6.
MEAT: 21 to 23 (1st April 7).
EGGS: 21 and 22 (1st April 7).
CLOTHES: 21-24, 207-112.

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master Magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are helping **BETTY GRAY:** To find the numbers of the combination of her uncle's safe. His will left his fortune to whoever found the numbers first, Betty, or her three cousins.

PETER: Who does not want Betty harmed. Betty and Mandrake found the first number and clue to the second in Cheops Pyramid. The clue sends them off to Venice. Mandrake tricks the cousins into thinking Betty is still in her room. They find the figure they thought was Betty is only the reflection of a cardboard cut-out, turning slowly on a gramophone disc. **NOW READ ON.**



BUT AUGUSTA—HOW COULD I BE EXPECTED TO KNOW THAT—

YOU NUMSKULL! DUNDERHEAD! I CAN'T EXPECT YOU TO KNOW ANYTHING TO THE AIR-PORT!



THE PARTY YOU DESCRIBE JUST TOOK OFF MA'AM—FOR VENICE.

VENICE!



LOTHAR, UNPACK BETTY'S THINGS. WE'RE GOING OUT TO LOOK FOR A GOLDEN GONDOLA.

AND PLEASE BE CAREFUL HANGING UP MY DRESSES, LOTHAR.



BETTY'S RIVAL, AUGUSTA, HAS PLANS OF HER OWN! I GET IT, LADY. I'M TO GO TO ROOM 137 OF THAT HOTEL—AND GET THE GIRL.

YES. DO IT QUIETLY, AND DO NOT HARM HER. YOU GET THE REST OF THE MONEY WHEN YOU RETURN WITH HER.



MEANWHILE, LOTHAR, STILL A SAVAGE AT HEART, AMUSES HIMSELF WITH BETTY'S BRIGHT CLOTHES—



WHAT YOU WANT?

WELL, YOU'RE A FUNNY LOOKING DAME! BUT THIS IS THE RIGHT ROOM SO—COME ALONG QUIET AND YOU WON'T GET HURT!



COME ALONG QUIET? WON'T GET HURT? HUH!



WHAT! SHE DID THAT TO YOU! THEY TOLD ME YOU WERE THE STRONGEST MAN IN VENICE!

YEH? WELL, I'M QUITTING! THAT DAME IN ROOM 137 DON'T KNOW HER OWN STRENGTH!

To be continued

DO YOU KNOW?

THE ESCHALI TRIBE OF
ABORIGINES PURIFIED
THEIR TEETH BY MUNCHING CHARCOAL
AFTER EVERY MEAL



Awarded 3
Royal Warrants

KOLYNOS WAS SUPPLIED
BY ROYAL WARRANT TO
KING EDWARD VIII.
(present Duke of Windsor)
TO THE KING & QUEEN
OF SPAIN... AND TO THE
DOWAGER QUEEN OF
RUMANIA.

MISS KOLYNOS FOR MARCH

Miss Lorna Gaylard, 34 Westbrook Street, East Kew, Melbourne, Brownette with blue eyes, comptometrist, who hopes to travel, says: "I always wanted my teeth to have that lovely polished look. Then I started to use Kolynos and now my teeth are shining, too!" "Miss Kolynos" entry photo to Kolynos Bridge Street, Sydney. Monthly Kolynos, 44 most votes at end of year. Photos will be returned.

HUDSON'S BAY ESKIMOS

sew bear's teeth on their sons' shirts so they'll never fear bears... KOLYNOS is the Family dentifrice... so concentrated, that half an inch on a dry brush is plenty



False TOOTH grew into GUM



PAREUS, 16th CENTURY SURGEON RECORDS THE CASE OF A DUCHESS WHO AFTER AN EXTRACTION HAD A SOUND TOOTH DRAWN FROM HER WAITING MAID TO FILL IN THE GAP... IT TOOK ROOT AND GREW SO FIRMLY THAT SHE COULD CHEW UPON IT AS WELL AS ANY OTHER TOOTH.



TRADESMEN'S ENTRANCE



Even in 1847

an English dentist was expected to enter the house by the back door because his profession was considered menial. KOLYNOS is the formula of one of the world's greatest dentists for the care of YOUR TEETH... Help keep your teeth surgically clean, free from decay with Kolynos Dental Cream.



CAESAR'S WIFE, CALPURNIA

RUBBED HER TEETH
WITH GOATS MILK
TO SWEETEN HER
BREATH...



Kolynos is extra active as well as antiseptic...it swirls into out-of-the-way places your toothbrush can't reach...swirls away dangerous food particles... Kolynos keeps teeth brighter and healthier too!

Cervantes

AUTHOR OF 'DON QUIXOTE' THOUGHT A TOOTH WORTH A DIAMOND. A 13th CENTURY MEDIEVAL KNIGHT CONSIDERED A KING'S TOOTH WORTH A TOWN BUT YOUR TEETH ARE LIKE LUSTROUS PEARLS WHEN YOU REGULARLY BRUSH THEM WITH KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM



KOLYNOS ALSO PROVIDES A DENTAL PLATE CLEANSER... MAKES DULL FALSE TEETH SHINE LIKE NEW!

KOLYNOS
DENTAL
CREAM

Garden Party

Continued from page 3

BY the end of the week things were happening. While crews of carpenters, plumbers, and painters worked industriously Joe and his part-time helper, Fred, re-vised the topography.

The brambles and brush were pulled and chopped and dug loose from the ground and piled and burned. And after many three-cornered conferences a path was plotted to the unanimous satisfaction of the committee, then laid out and set with flagstones.

Throughout the weeks while the house became a home, the work in the yard continued without respite. The results were orderly, but scarcely gratifying, for the term of the gardening disease was developing in Fred and the work of ornamentation seemed pointless anyway. It was Joe and his green hands who finally turned the tide.

Joe was waiting when Fred came home one night. In his great pink palm he held a pile of little seeds. "Radishers," he explained, and he led Fred to the small plot of ground he had prepared for the planting. Then, while Fred watched, Joe sowed the seed along one row.

"They're rambunctious little people," Joe explained. "They come up fast. You got to watch."

Fred watched. Each night he crouched beside the rows and examined them intently. At first nothing, and he began to doubt the boast of Joe's green hand, but then one night he found two tiny green leaves in one row and three in the other—two in the row Joe had planted and three in his own row.

On Saturday afternoon he sat with Joe beside the double rows absorbing radish lore. Overnight it seemed the tops of the rows were solid green. And then one night Joe allowed Fred to pull a radish.

"Shake 'im," Joe said, "an' eat 'im."

Fred shook the radish until most of the dirt was gone and popped it into his mouth root and all. It was delicious. He pulled another radish and then a third, and then he went into the house and returned with a salt shaker, a bottle of beer and Cecil, and the three of them sat by the rows and ate and drank.

By late summer, the work of establishment was done, the little house, snug and tidy, nestled happily beneath the giant sycamores, and in the yard Fred's new-found passion for growing had run wild. Flowers covered one end. At the other, around the nucleus of the radish beds, a vegetable garden had come into being.

There was one flaw, and only one. It was the path. The original garden plan, Cecil maintained, had obliterated the path's location. The path, therefore, should be moved.

"But you don't just move a path," Fred objected. "It isn't so simple. It would mean digging up the beans or the petunias, and relaying the flagstones and digging up the ground where the path is now and cultivating and building new subsoil and—"

"All right," Cecil said. "But the path still isn't in the right place." And the thought rankled between them, a tiny flaw in a terrestrial paradise.

It was, of course, when the garden was at the height of its glory that the double catastrophe fell. When the doorbell rang that evening Cecil was not around, so Fred answered the door.

A smart-looking stranger stood on the porch.

"Mrs. Robinson at home?"

Fred shook his head.

"You're Mr. Robinson, I'm Jeffries. Twin Jeffries, of Jeffries and McGill. Came to see Mrs. Robinson about your place here."

Fred looked politely blank.

"Yes, sir," said Jeffries. "Have to take my hat off to you folks. When Mrs. Robinson asked me first if I was interested in looking at the property, I just laughed. It was a mess. But now, well—" He grinned at the blank expression on Fred's face. "I'll be back Saturday," he said, making off, "and we can talk business."

Fred turned back into the house. He shut the door quietly, walked to the back window and stood there looking out over the yard.

Cecil was going to sell the place. Just as cold-bloodedly as she had bought it. That's what she had in mind all along—to take it and improve it and sell it.

He came back into the front room. He looked at the roses in the vase. They were his roses. He had fought for them against the aphids. They were his by right of victory. They were not Jeffries'.

He went out on to the back porch and down into the garden. He stopped by the tomato vines and unconsciously stooped and pounced on a three-inch tomato worm and destroyed it with neatness. This was his garden and he had thought that Cecil shared his pride, but women are false, fickle creatures. All of her talk about the location of the path—what did she care? And then Joe came to him with news of the second catastrophe.

"We've got moles," he announced. Fred blanched. Moles! In his mind, he pictured the ruin of his garden, the toppling of his rose-bushes, the swift undermining of his artichokes. With an effort he brought his mind back.

Joe was expounding: "Trape an' poison just ain't no good. They're only one cure for moles. They move late at night an' early in the morning, and you got to wait till you see 'em move, an' dig 'em up an' beat 'em flat. They ain't no other way."

Long after Joe had gone, Fred sat in the twilight with his problem.

He told Cecil about the moles. She listened quietly, and when he was done her voice was soft.

"Oh, your poor garden, darling! I'm so sorry!" she said.

Fred searched her face and her voice for some sign of hypocrisy, and found none. "I'll find a way," he said. "We'll get rid of them."

"I'm sure you will, dear."

Special knitting issue next week

EIGHT pages of the new high styles in handknits for the coming winter will be presented next week.

A number of the selected designs will be featured in full color.

They include two little classics in cap sleeve evening sweaters for the slim and not-so-slim. One is glamorized with glittering sequins and silver thread embroidery. The other relies on its utter simplicity and unusual line for popularity. Both are easy to knit.

A decorative hat, tailored shirt dress, lumber jacket, buccaneer's cap for the young, and the new turtle-neck jumper are included in the series. Complete instructions for making accompany designs.

"Oh, by the way," Fred said. "A man named Jeffries. He told me nothing except that he'd be here on Saturday. I imagined it was some arrangement of yours."

"Yes," Cecil said. "A surprise." And her voice was happy.

In his thoughts that night as he drifted off to sleep, Fred was living in a new house and carving a new garden. But it wasn't the same; his heart was not in the task. It seemed so futile with Saturday approaching inexorably.

But on Thursday morning, with all hope gone, all thought exhausted, the idea came to Fred suddenly, magnificently, in the middle of an interview. He hustled the client out of the office and seated himself at the telephone.

He told Cecil that evening: "We're having company to-morrow night, darling." And he saw her eyebrows rise. "We're having a mole hunt?"

Cecil was lukewarm. "But, darling—" she began.

He would hear no objections. "It's the only way," he said. "Joe told me that late at night and early in the morning the moles move. You wait until you see them move and then you dig them up and beat them to death with a shovel. There's no other cure."

"But, darling—"

"We have to get rid of the moles," Fred said. And then he played his final trick. "We have to get rid of them," he repeated. "Or is there some reason why we shouldn't?"

Cecil hesitated for only a mo-

ment. Then, "Of course not. Of course, we have to get rid of the moles."

So the hunt began that Friday night about eight o'clock, when Fred went out through the kitchen and stood at the back door with Joe, and together they drank and asked forgiveness from the darkened garden for what they were about to do.

The guests began to arrive at nine. By ten-thirty the neighbors for a mile or so in every direction had come to complain and had stayed to join the party. There were shovels in plenty, and the excitement was intense.

By half after midnight, Cecil had retired to the bedroom and locked the door and was crying quietly in the corner.

At one o'clock, a jeep loaded with Shore Patrol came to investigate the riot and stayed to swell its clamor.

By two o'clock, the liquor was gone, and the party began to disintegrate, and at three o'clock Joe went to sleep in the looahed. Fred bedded down on the living-room sofa, and Cecil went quietly to the corner of the bedroom.

At four o'clock, the moles, unharmed, gathered beneath the lemon trees, conferred briefly, and then reluctantly began their flight from this mad, unhappy place.

It was the insistent ringing of the doorbell that aroused the house the next morning. Fred, coming from the living-room, bumped into Cecil as she came down the stairs. Together they stood in the tiny hall and looked at the front door. "That will be your friend Jeffries," Fred said grimly. "Let's let him in."

"No. No."

"What do you mean, no? I can see his hat; I know it's Jeffries'."

There was silence for a moment, and then the doorbell began again. Fred started for the door. Cecil caught his arm and clung to it. "No," she said. "Oh, Fred, the garden!"

Fred's face was grim. He put his arm around his wife's shoulders and walked with her to the double doors at the rear of the living-room. He opened the doors and looked out over the garden, and even though he had watched the destruction the night before, he flinched at what he saw now.

The lemon trees remained, and one rose-bush. The rest of the garden was trampled, uprooted and torn beyond recognition.

The doorbell rang again. Fred said savagely, "They won't buy it now, anyway." It was his one small consolation, the whole reason for his sacrifice. He looked at Cecil's face.

But her eyes were wide. "Buy it? Buy our house? Who?"

Fred heard the words, but for a moment they were meaningless. And then, quite suddenly, his legs turned to water, and a great weight grew like a terror in his chest.

"Jeffries," he said finally. "Your friend. Wasn't he going to buy the house?"

"Darling," Cecil said. "Mr. Jeffries publishes a home and garden magazine in connection with his real-estate business. I wanted him to do an article on our house."

Fred said, "Oh, and the bottom dropped out of his world."

And then Cecil understood. She dropped to her knees beside him. Her eyes were bright, and the tears were starting again. "You thought I was going to sell our house. You ruined your garden to keep me from selling it. It means that much to you." Her face was very close. "As much as it means to me." The tears came freely, and her voice was small. "Oh, darling, I don't care about Mr. Jeffries. Oh, darling!"

It wasn't clear, but somehow Fred understood. The weight in his chest began to disappear.

"We'll build it up again," he said, holding Cecil tight against him.

Her head nodded. "We'll build it up better than it was before. You and Joe and I."

He felt his strength returning, and with it came determination. The thought came to him blindingly. "Darling," he said. "Darling, we'll start by moving the path!" And the world seemed bright again.

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Fashion Frock Service

"STELLA" Frock and matching jacket

This smart little frock and matching jacket will be invaluable for the carry-through from summer into early autumn. The ensemble has been fashioned in an all-over printed rayon crepe with mixtures of turquoise-blue, green, and red tonings.

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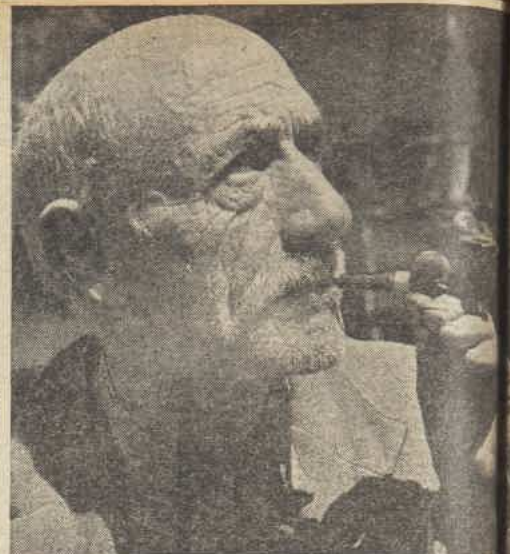
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BUSHMAN to the core is Des Delaney, one of men who bring sheep and cattle on to the Kosciusko National Park snow-leases each summer



KINDLY HOST for lunch on second day of trip was Arthur Day, lessee of grazing block carpeted with snow-grass

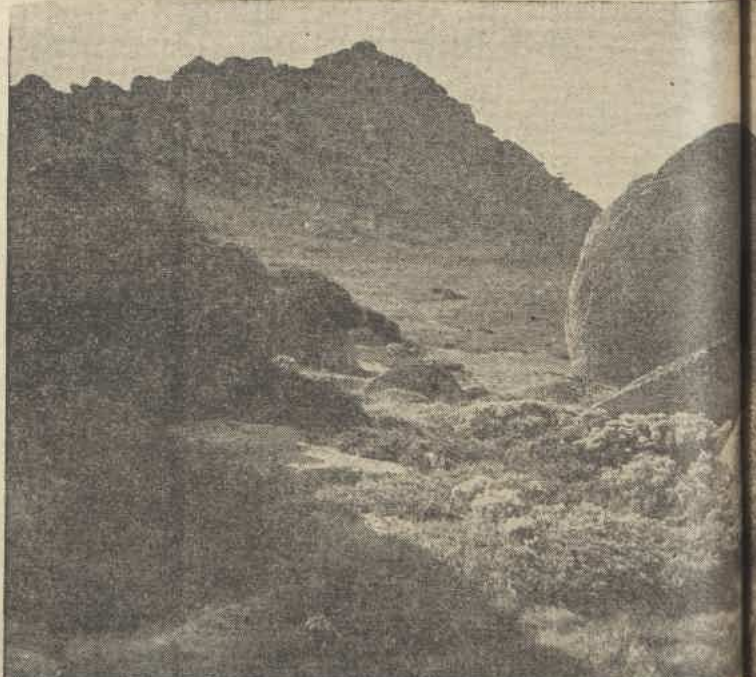
Playground for



LOADING packhorses before leaving Grey Mare Hut, riding over wild, granite-strewn country



SPLENDID pasturing for these sheep grazing on what stockmen call the basalt country. Shimmering snow-grass forms thick carpet everywhere.



HUGE GRANITE ROCKS on Dicky Cooper, mighty 6570-foot peak, provide spectacular sight. No trees grow, only heath clinging to rocks. Kosciusko National Park



GOLD-PANNING occupies Page Pillars, Coogee, N.S.W., when he camps near old Kiandra goldfields, once so rich.

for future tourists

THESE superb pictures were taken by Australian Women's Weekly staff photographer Jack Hickson, who accompanied Betty Wilkinson on her ride through the 1,250,000 acres of magnificent wild country of Kosciusko National Park (story p. 9)



ROUND MOUNTAIN HUT at base of 5758ft. peak, overlooking the Big Dargals, Jagumba, Black Jack Mts.



BY CANDLELIGHT, seated on rough sacking chair in Grey Mare Hut, veteran Dave McPhie recalls snow adventures of lifetime in mountains.



is bounded roughly by Murray River, Tumut, Batlow, Tumbarumba (west); Burrinjuck Dam (north); Federal Territory, Adaminaby, and Jindabyne (east).



EVERLASTING daisies are welcomed as delicious feed by horses before descending precipitous Daisy Spur to Tumut River, 2000 feet below.

Continuing... Traitor's Trail

from page 4

WE left the house together. There was a cab waiting outside, evidently the one which had brought Mrs. Smith.

"I'm going uptown," she said. "I can drop you off at the station."

That didn't suit me, but there wasn't anything I could do about it. We rode uptown with the lady and she dropped us off across the street from the station.

As soon as the cab pulled away I hailed another one. Lee looked bewildered. "You're hotfooting it back to the apartment and staying there," I told her.

"You're crazy! It says in the note—Max wants me to—"

"The note's a phony," I said.

"Rod! I saw the note. It's in Max's writing. I—"

"Did you notice the signature?"

"Yes, of course I saw it. I—"

She stopped, her eyes slowly widening.

Max Chandler had two signatures, his legal one and the one he used for signing autograph books. He did this because there is always danger of some crank with an autograph book or paper making use of your signature in some way.

"Max certainly wrote that note," I said, "but I don't think he wrote it of his own free will. I think he used that autograph signature to tip us off."

"But Rod, why—"

"Someone wanted him to write the note and he had to do it, but it was under duress."

"Then we can go to Lieutenant Sullivan."

"Not for another thirty-odd hours," I said. "You're staying at the apartment in case there's a real message. I'm going to Brandford, Long Island."

"But if the note's a phony, why go?"

"Because not to go would point out to someone that we suspect something. Somebody wants us in Brandford, so I'll oblige. But we're not both walking into it."

I just made the train. I got a seat in the smoker, after looking the passengers over. I didn't see anyone I'd ever seen before, but there was one man in the car I couldn't help noticing because of the overcoat he was wearing. It was a tweed in a particularly loud black-and-white check pattern. After a while I lost interest in him.

I didn't think about him again until I noticed that he, too, got off at Brandford. If I had a moment's suspicion, it disappeared when he walked straight to the taxi rank at the end of the platform, got into one of the cabs and drove off.

"Do you know where Lilac Lodge is?" I asked one of the cab drivers.

He nodded. "I can take you part way," he said. "There's a wash-out on the dune road about a half a mile from the house. That's as close as I can get to it."

"O.K., let's go."

"It's none of my business, but there's nobody out there."

"I'm looking it over for a friend who's interested in buying," I said.

It was a grey, blustery day. When we got on to Beachcomb Road, which paralleled the dunes, you could hear the roar of the surf.

Finally the driver pulled up alongside the road. "This is as far as I can take you," he said. "You can walk along what's left of the road for about half a mile or, if you don't mind the wind, it's half as far if you cut across the dunes."

"I don't mind the wind. How will I recognise the house if I use the short cut?"

"It's the only place for another three miles," he said. "You can't miss it. Want me to come back for you?"

"I don't know how long I'm going to be," I said.

The driver pointed back along the way we'd come. There was a closed gas station back about a hundred yards.

"It's closed for business," he said, "but the guy who runs it lives there and he's got a phone. Call me from there when you want me." He handed me his card.

I thanked him and started off across the dunes. It was heavy walking in the sand, but I put my head down and ploughed ahead. Once I stopped and looked ahead. I saw a low, grey shingled house set back from the water. There were unpainted boards nailed over the windows. I started ploughing ahead again and I stopped to get my bearings after a few more yards.

I saw him then—the man in the check overcoat. He ducked behind one of the dunes, but not before I saw him quite clearly. He was following me.

I stood where I was, turning my back to the wind, wondering what I'd better do. Now I knew I was walking into something I decided the best thing to do was to go back to town, rout out the local sheriff, and maybe have some company with me when I got to that deserted-looking house.

I turned and started back. Instantly the man started running diagonally along the upper part of the beach to head me off. Suddenly I made a dive for one of the dunes. I thought maybe I could outplay him at hide-and-seek behind the big mounds of sand and marsh grass. I walked cautiously round one of the mounds—and smack into him. When I saw the gun I turned, instinctively, to run.

"Stay where you are or I'll kill you," he said, and I stayed.

He came up to me, still levelling his automatic, and patted my pockets. I didn't have a gun.

"It seems too bad to change your mind after coming this far," he said. "Let's start back for the house again."

There wasn't any choice. We marched in silence to the house. My check friend took me round to a back door. It opened just before I reached it, but I didn't see anyone.

"Keep going," my man said, punctuating the order with a jab of the gun. This way we finally entered a room lit by two kerosene lamps and heated by a small kerosene stove. Seated in a chair facing the door was Mrs. Brendon Smith.

"Hello, Mr. Buchanan," she said. The door closed behind me and the pressure of the gun against my back relaxed. I turned my head. There was another man there beside Checkerboard, a dignified-looking man about sixty.

"Where's Miss Ames?" he asked.

"Giving Lieutenant Sullivan of the New York police force an awful," I said, deciding on bluff.

"Too bad," said the grey-haired man. "Too bad for Mr. Chandler."

"Where is Max?" I asked.

"I don't think we'll bother to discuss that, Buchanan. It would seem to be our ace card, wouldn't it?"

"Don't you think, Gerard, it would be a good notion to forgo your penchant for melodrama and get to work?" Mrs. Smith said.

That was a jolt. Gerard Devens was the man Max was to meet for dinner the night he disappeared.

"I still want to know why Chandler's devoted secretary failed to come with you, Buchanan," Devens said. "The note specifically instructed her to come."

"The note," I said, "was a very obvious phony."

Devens and Mrs. Smith glanced at each other. "What made you think that?" Devens asked.

"That would seem to be our ace card, wouldn't it?" I said sweetly.

A nerve twitched at the corner of Gerard Devens's eye.

"It seems to me," I said, "you're playing a criminal game pretty openly. You're going to be stuck with this."

"Don't be childish," he said.

"Stop fencing, Gerard, and get down to business," Mrs. Smith said.

"Chandler has records I want, Buchanan," Devens said. "Where does he keep his private papers and records?"

"Why don't you ask him? You're obviously holding him somewhere."

"We're asking you, Buchanan."

"Nice weather we've been having," I said.

Something hit me a glancing blow from behind that knocked me to my knees.

"Are they in his apartment?"

Devens's voice came at me through a fog.

"Merry Christmas," I said, "and a happy 1956."

I saw the fist coming again. This time it caught me squarely in the face. The lights went out . . .

When I came to, I was lying on the floor. I turned my head slightly and opened my eyes. Checkerboard was sitting in the armchair Mrs. Smith had occupied when I last remembered anything. He was watching me with a curious lack of interest.

I didn't move. I wanted to do some thinking. Gerard Devens, of the Devens Newspapers Syndicate, wanted records of Max's. That meant, since Max's job was running down traitors, that Devens must want those records to prevent treason charges being brought against him.

I STOLE a glance at Checkerboard. Max kept his documents, I knew, in a bank safety deposit box, and Mr. Devens could only get them on a written order from Max, countersigned in a special way. The only reason for holding out was to keep them from working directly on Max.

One thing was certain, however. I wasn't going to be allowed to leave Lilac Lodge. I knew too much. I groaned and rolled over.

"What hit me?" I said.

"My fist," Checkerboard grinned.

I turned my head to look round. There was no sign of Devens or Mrs. Smith.

"Gone," Checkerboard said, answering my unspoken question. "There's the girl back in New York. Maybe she won't be so obstinate about talking."

I felt sweat on my forehead. Devens and Mrs. Smith would go to Max's apartment and find Lee. They'd go to work on her.

"Meanwhile," Checkerboard said, "you and I will play some more here."

"How much are you getting paid for this job?" I asked.

Checkerboard laughed. "Don't try bribing me. It won't work."

"Can I get up and smoke a cigarette before you start on me again?"

"Certainly," he said. "Smoke a cigarette . . . and think. Think how

beach, trying to run through the sand that felt like the fantastic quagmire of a dream. I never once turned to look back. Half running, half crawling, I reached the top of the dunes. The highway was down below me on the other side. Then I looked back. Lilac Lodge was on fire. There was no sign of Checkerboard.

The trip back to New York was a nightmare, especially the first part of it. I got down to the gas station the taxi-driver had pointed out. The man himself was about to drive into town, and he took me along.

When I got to the station I put in a long-distance call to Lee at the apartment—and got no answer! My watch had been smashed in the fracas at the Lodge, but the station clock told me that more than an hour and a half had gone by since my arrival. Devens and Mrs. Smith could have got to Lee if their connections had all clicked.

I called Sullivan. I didn't mention Max, but I told him Lee was in danger. I told him to get over there.

I was in a sweat lest Checkerboard turn up, but he didn't. At last the train came. It seemed to me I was fifteen years older when we pulled into Penn Station. I got a cab and we burned rubber down to Washington Square. There was a green-and-white police car pulled up behind Max's sedan. Lieutenant Sullivan and a patrolman piled out of it.

"No answer on the doorbell," he said. "We did a little prowling, but if there's anybody in the apartment we couldn't detect it."

We took it on the run upstairs. I had keys. I got the front door open three inches, and then the inside chain caught and held. Sullivan and the patrolman and I hit it all at once and surged through into the room.

There was no one in the living-room, but Devens suddenly appeared in the doorway of the bedroom. He was tugging frantically at his hip pocket. "Put up those hands, quick!" Sullivan said.

Slowly Devens raised his hands. I ducked past him into the bedroom. Lee was lying on the bed, her hands and feet taped together with adhesive. Mrs. Smith was standing over her with a portable electric curling-iron in her hand. It was plugged into the wall. It was red-hot. I didn't stop to see whether it had been used. I bounded straight across the room, smashing my fist at the curling-iron. It was yanked clear out of the connection. I went crashing against the bureau, stumbling over Mrs. Smith.

"Take it easy, Rod," Sullivan said.

The handcuffs were on Devens. The patrolman was picking up Mrs. Smith, who was hanging on to her hand. The iron lay on the rug, a little curl of smoke rising from it. I got to Lee and the bands of tape.

"Oh, Rod darling, you're marvellous," she said. "It was the first time she had ever called me darling."

"Did they tell you where Max is?" I asked.

"No. Is he all right?"

"How do I know?" I whirled round to Devens and Mrs. Smith. "Where's Max?" I said.

"That's still our ace card, Buchanan," Devens said.

"We'll sweat it out of them," Sullivan said cheerfully.

"I doubt if it will be in time," Devens said. "If at all, I suggest you withdraw charges against us, Buchanan. Give us a twenty-four-hour start, and we'll wire you where to find Chandler."

"No thank you!" Sullivan grunted, herding him out of the room. Lee and I were alone, staring at each other.

"Well, we're not doing any good sitting here. This is one place he isn't," I said.

SUDDENLY then, I felt the pulse start to pound in my temples.

"What is it, Rod?" Lee looked at me as though I'd gone mad.

"Lee! It was daylight when Max started out to have dinner with Devens the other night!"

"What about it?"

"If he'd changed his mind about the car, he'd have phoned up to me from downstairs to put it away."

"Rod, what are you driving at?"

"I said this was the one place he isn't. Lee, suppose he never left the building? Suppose they were waiting for him downstairs in the entrance hall?"

"They would have moved him later," she said.

I was on my feet. "Why? This is the one place no one would look!"

That was all the talking we did. We both ran out of the apartment and down the stairs to the main entrance hall. There was a doorway at the rear leading down to the cellar. I opened it and started down. Lee behind me. I'd only gone a couple of steps when the caretaker appeared.

"What do you want?" he said.

"We want to look round the cellar," I said.

"I'll come up," he said.

"No, we're coming down."

He hunched his shoulders in a funny kind of way. "The tenants don't come down in the basement," he said.

"Where's Mr. Chandler?" I said.

This man was no Gerard Devens. He hadn't the kind of control of his facial muscles Devens had. I knew he knew.

I haven't worked for Max for four years without knowing the value of beating the other man to the punch. I jumped, aiming my heels straight at his face. My whole weight struck him squarely on the chest. He went down hard. I was sprawling on the concrete myself, dazed.

I started to scramble to my feet when I heard a noise, a dull, persistent thumping. In the corner was a door with a padlock. It was shaking from the thudding which came from inside. Lee found the key in the caretaker's pocket. We unlocked the door and there was Max, sitting on the floor, hands and feet taped together, tape over his mouth. I worked on the legs and hands. Lee very tenderly removed the strip from his mouth. He looked at us balefully.

"It certainly took you long enough to get here!" he said. He stood up, groaning from stiff muscles. "Stand watch over this guy, Rod. I'll get Sullivan. There are bigger fish to catch."

"If you mean Devens and Mrs. Smith, they're caught," Lee said. "Thanks to Rod. It was also Rod who guessed you might be here in the cellar. What's it all about, Max?"

"Long and complicated story," he said. "They're nasty customers, though, badly wanted."

"How did you come to write the letter, Max?" I asked.

"Since you found me here," Max said, "you must have finally figured that I never left the house." I nodded and he went on. "Devens and the caretaker met me in the hall when I came downstairs to go to dinner. I didn't think Devens knew I was on to him. They brought me down here. They wanted documents I have."

"I know, but—"

"These people are pretty adept at torture, Rod. I knew it would go on and on. I didn't play heroic. I pretended to be on the verge of cracking, so they were patient. Time was important because I knew you wouldn't move for seventy-two hours. I wanted you to move before that, so I hinted that the things they wanted were in the apartment. They had to get you out of the apartment to search, and they figured you wouldn't leave without word from me. They demanded I write a note, so I used the autograph signature. I prayed you'd notice it and figure that you ought to go into action."

"He spotted it at once," Lee said, "and he certainly went into action."

Max's mouth must have been stiff from the tape, but he smiled at me.

"It was nice going, son," he said. "Very nice going."

That was better to me than all the medals in existence.

(Copyright)



unpleasant it's going to be to have me take you apart piece by piece if you don't talk."

I got slowly to my feet. I was pretty wobbly. I fumbled in my pocket for a cigarette, and got it out. I put it between my lips. Then I leaned over one of the lamps as if to light it from the chimney. I lifted the lamp up in both hands as if to make the lighting easier. Then I let him have it—the lit lamp straight in the face.

The chimney shattered. In the brief look I had, I saw the gods were with me. The front of his suit burst into flame. He dropped his gun to beat at the fire with his hands.

I was out in the corridor, slamming the door behind me. The back door was only ten feet away. For one awful moment it wouldn't open. Then it gave, and I was out on the

DON'T MAKE ME FALL IN LOVE



She was young and lovely but afraid to give up her heart.

MARGIE came into her room and dropped on to the bed. She was so tired that her body was unaware of the hardness of the springs, pressing through the mattress, and of her own bones, too sharp in her flesh.

From the floor below in her cousin's big sprawling house came the family noises: her mother and her aunt washing dishes; the wailing of Lydia's baby; the blaring of Phil's radio; Uncle Joe shouting for his pipe; the clatter of the lawnmower, as Tom, the youngest of her cousins and the only boy, dragged it along the path. Familiar noises. Homely, cheerful noises.

But Margie, listening to them, rolled over and thrust her face hard into the pillow.

"I've got to get away from here. I know they're kind. But I've got to get mother and me away from them. Get something of our own."

She heard steps on the stairs. Mother was carrying supper to her. Margie never returned from the office until after the rest of the family had eaten. They kept her plate warm over the double boiler, and her mother liked to bring it up to her on a tray. But she mustn't, with her heart, climb all those stairs. Margie leaped up, and ran to meet her mother.

"Oh, mother, you shouldn't." She kissed her mother's cheek and took the tray.

Mrs. Carson said: "Nonsense. I can wait on my own daughter, can't I?" Her stout energetic figure, her eyes, shrewd and lively, would never give away her illness.

Margie set the tray on the bedside table. Her mother took the chair by the window.

After a short pause she said: "Margie, I want to talk to you."

Margie grinned. "Oh, oh," she said. "I had a feeling something was coming."

"Margie, Phil's going out with John Westcott to-night."

"Is she?" Margie shrugged.

"You're going to tell me you don't care for him. That John means nothing to you. I'm not forcing you to marry the boy, Margie. But your cousins have fun. I want you to have fun, too, child."

Margie put down her fork. This

was a time-worn discussion. And she could not say what her heart was crying. Have you had fun? Was it fun to have married a soldier... a soldier just like young John Westcott... in the last war, and to have him come back gassed? To have to support him, and then to have a baby? To have that soldier, my father, who was handsome as John Westcott is, die when I was a year old? And to get ill yourself, and have to go back to your family—and finally, when your parents died, have to move in with your sister and bring me along? Has it been fun all these years knowing you were living on Aunt Molly's charity?

She said, instead, pushing back her plate: "Look at Lydia. She met Bill Howard and he was a glamorous lieutenant. They were gay enough. But they had to fall in love, and now she's married. She's stuck at home with the baby and Bill's over-seas."

Her mother began: "Margie..." and stopped, sighing. She left after a few minutes.

Margie rose, and looked slowly over her room. A cheerful room, light and attractive. Aunt Molly had furnished it specially for her. The cry was on her lips: "But nothing in it is mine. Nothing. Except trinkets. Except things that don't count."

How could she tell her longing? The passion to walk in a place and know it was all hers, that she had bought and paid for its very walls, for every chair, every table; to be able to think, "It's mine; mine and mother's, and I got it for us."

She would. She would answer that longing some day. But she must not be side-tracked. Fun, the kind of fun her mother meant, was dangerous. If once she found herself in Lydia's position, the future she planned for herself, and especially for her mother, was lost.

A burst of distant music came to her... a sudden tuneless cacophony from somewhere within the park that backed Uncle Joe's garden. That would be the band tuning up for its weekly concert.

At least if the park did not belong to her, it belonged to no one else. She whirled, snatching up her jacket

and the newspaper—the grass in the park grew damp early—and ran downstairs. No one heard her leave. Her mother, her aunt, and Lydia were helping Phil dress for her party.

Margie chose a spot on the outskirts of the audience, and spread out her papers. She sat down and wrapped her arms about her knees. Nearby a group of soldiers, very young, whose arm insignia marked them as coming from the local camp, were settling. They spied her, kept looking back at her, but she held her face stonily averted.

She bent forward, her brow rest-

snatched it up and sent it end over end towards the group of young soldiers. Margie had leaped up to retrieve it; now she turned away and sat down. The soldier nearest her caught it, glanced over his shoulder. "This yours?" he called to her. Margie shook her head.

But he rose, the programme in his hand, and came to where she stood. The high polish was gleaming on his boots and on his badges. His white smile gleamed when he bent down to her.

"You lost your programme." He held it out to her.

Margie took the programme and murmured: "Thanks."

"It's a good concert, isn't it?" His eyes were black, and gay.

"Yes." "Now some people," he said, "don't appreciate music like those fellows I'm with. Nice, but they have no souls." He grinned down at Margie. "Have you got a soul?" She glanced up at him coolly.

"Thank you for returning my programme," she said again.

"You wouldn't thank me for sitting up here and listening with you?"

Margie creased the corner of the programme. "No."

He said politely: "As long as I'm not asking for any of your paper to sit on, the grass is free."

He sat, his long legs crossed. Margie leaned back on her palms and kept her eyes steadily on the band. "Any day now," said the man at

her side, "I'll be shipped out of here."

Margie knew. She said nothing. "And here it's a nice night; the moon is coming up and I haven't a girl to talk to. That's too bad."

"I don't talk to strangers," Margie said, quickly.

He squinted up speculatively at the sky. "I'll always remember the last moon I'll see here. The girls, too."

She knew he was teasing her. There was gaiety beneath his words. She turned suddenly and looked at him.

"Then you'll go out with me?"

Margie's heart was pounding. She nodded, staring at the ground. "Yes. But I don't want you to think I—I—"

"Don't worry about that," he said easily. "We'll just have a good time." He drew out a packet of cigarettes and offered her one, lighting two from the same match.

"I'm Lewis Clark. Everyone makes it Nobby."

Margie said, her heart running wild now: "I'm Margaret Carson—Margie."

He asked her what she did, where she worked, casually, not as a man talks to a girl he has picked up. When she told him where she lived he exclaimed: "That big red brick house at the foot of the park? I know it. And I've seen you. Our Sergeant marched us down your street and I happened to look up and see a girl at one of the windows in that house, leaning out. I know it was you. I couldn't forget that hair. For a minute I thought the sun was rising in the wrong direction."

Margie recalled the morning she had seen the park full of soldiers drilling. Oddly, it made her feel easier.

They sat on, smoking, talking occasionally, listening to the music. The soldier, Nobby, stretched out on the grass.

When the concert was over, there was the scrape of instruments being put away. Chairs were shoved back on the stage of the stand and through the gathering darkness came the rustle and buzz of the crowd leaving. The soldiers then shouted: "You coming with us, Nobby?"

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"I've never had such an escort in my life," Margie said laughingly.

By NANCY TITUS

ing on her knees. She should not have come to the concert—music was too treacherous; music set off inexplicable desires. All her spirit was swinging to the waits the band was playing, dancing to candlelight, carefree and light... She wanted to rise, to be spun down the long, green side of the hill, in the arms of a man.

Margie thought: "Yes, I want it. I want what Phil is having..."

Margie, don't think that. You want only to get ahead. Remember—remember—

The band began another number. She did not know the piece and looked for her programme. Just as she put out her hand for the bit of paper, a capricious breeze

EVERY night

Continuing . . . Brief Heaven

there were different people of importance in the audience. Talent scouts, agents, directors, producers, picking over the remains for some choice morsel.

"I hear that Maggie Brewster's coming up on Saturday," Gloria remarked to Claudia.

"Who's Maggie Brewster?" Claudia inquired.

"Who's Maggie Brewster?" Gloria echoed in exasperation. "Honestly, child, don't you know anything?"

"I live on a farm," said Claudia.

"Well, anyway," Gloria continued, "she's the woman who wrote and directed 'All For Nothing' last season, and she's putting on a new one in the autumn. She's casting it now. I hear there's a fine star part in it."

"I suppose she's looking at Anna-bell," said Claudia.

"Yes," Gloria gloomily agreed. "I'd like to think it was me, but it's not. I look fine except for my neck."

"There's nothing wrong with your neck," Claudia loyally declared.

Saturday rolled round before she knew it. She opened her eyes lazily and looked at her watch. Eleven o'clock. If anyone had told her that she would ever get into the habit of sleeping beyond seven-thirty, she would have said it was impossible. Now it was going to be hard to get out of the habit of it.

She had finished eating and was dressing when David arrived.

"How are the children?" she greeted him eagerly.

"Fine," he said.

"You look a lot better, you really and truly do."

"You look pretty well yourself," he replied. "Earning money for the family seems to agree with you. How about getting into some clothes and going out for lunch?"

"Oh, dear!" she said. "I've just had breakfast. You go down to the

dining-room and eat, and I'll get dressed in a hurry and join you. Perhaps by then I'll feel like having some coffee with you."

"I don't doubt it," said David, with the faintest ghost of his old smile. It was the nearest they came to being close.

"Something really is wrong this time," she thought unhappily, "and I'm not imagining it, either."

But she was honest enough to recognise that the strangeness that lay between them was no fault of his.

He, too, knew where the fault lay. "You're loving all this, aren't you?" he asked her gently as the waiter brought the coffee.

"Yes," she confessed.

"Sorry to go home?"

"Not sorry to go home, but sorry it's over. I mean, I wish the play could have run another week or two."

"For your sake, I wish it could have," he said. And then it was time for her to hurry off to rehearsal.

Soon after the rehearsal, while Claudia was hurrying into her outdoor clothes to join David, a knock sounded at the door and the wardrobe woman stuck her head in. She was extremely stout, and always used all her breath to breathe with. "A Miss Brewster waiting—" she panted.

Gloria's voice went up in a bleat.

"Miss Brewster? Heavens! Tell her I'll be ready in a minute."

She was already galloping into her bright green skirt.

"Claudia, did you hear that Brewster's here—she's coming in to see me. Perhaps she wants me for the new play. Oh, I can't believe it! If Brewster takes you in a play you're made—it's a legend. Everybody who goes into one of Brewster's plays

from page 5

lands in films or something. Where's that rouge? I look like an old hag! How's my hair?"

"Your hair," Claudia wanted to say, "would be lovely if you'd only let it stay the color it wants to be." Instead she said: "Don't put any more make-up on, Gloria. You look nice just as you are."

"How are my eyes?" Gloria queried anxiously.

"They're fine," said Claudia, straightening the back frill of Gloria's frilly collar. "You'd better let her come in now. I'm dressed. I'll get out."

"No," said Gloria generously, "stay here until you meet her. You never can tell what will come of it."

Claudia didn't care about anything coming of it, but Gloria blocked her way as she opened the door and called with a bright smile in her voice: "All right, Miss Brewster. Sorry to have kept you waiting!"

ON first glance Miss Brewster seemed to be quite young, but it was only that she wore the intense air of the very young. She was quite thickening round the middle, but she had nice eyes and a deep voice.

"Hallo!" she said. "I know what a nuisance it is to have people crowding into a dressing-room."

"Not one little bit," Gloria effused, reverting to one of her old roles of a duchess some plays back. "We adore it. I dare say you don't remember me in 'Ladies First,' do you, Miss Brewster?"

"No, I don't," Miss Brewster admitted. "But I liked your performance this afternoon, though,

immensely," she amended kindly. "I think maids are so difficult to play with any degree of honesty."

"Don't go, Claudia!" cried Gloria. "I know Miss Brewster would like to meet you."

"Of course I want to meet you," Miss Brewster agreed. "That's why I came. I wonder if we couldn't get away to some quiet spot for a cup of tea or a cocktail."

Claudia could not bear to look at Gloria. There was glamor and excitement in the theatre, but there was also heart-break. It was ironic that she should be the one to destroy the ecstasy in Gloria's tired eyes. "I'm sorry, Miss Brewster, but I don't think I'll be able to," she faltered. "My husband is waiting for me."

Miss Brewster smiled.

"Your husband is invited, too," she said.

Gloria administered a sharp pinch to the first available surface of Claudia's susceptible anatomy.

"Go ahead, you chump!" she ground out. "It's the chance of your life."

It was plain that David liked Miss Brewster very much, and Miss Brewster liked David. They talked about Claudia as if she weren't there.

"Never mind her lack of experience, that doesn't disturb me," Miss Brewster declared. "I'd rather take a piece of putty for a big part and mould it to the shading and nuance and variety that I want to get into the character. Do you see what I mean?"

David saw what she meant, and he didn't seem to mind Miss Brewster calling his wife a piece of putty.

"What the girl has," Miss Brewster continued, "is an instinctive feeling for the theatre, and at this point it's completely unspoiled. I'm a good director. He's let her remain valid and simple. Of course, there'll be a tremendous amount of work involved if she does the part of 'Stephanie' in my new play—she'll have to work with us all summer—but whether the play goes over or fails, one thing is certain, Claudia Brown will emerge a star. It's that kind of a part, you see. It carries the play."

"I still say it's a big order for someone without experience," David insisted.

"To be quite frank," Miss Brewster said, "I've been looking for just that—someone quite unknown, but with a great talent. The combination is practically unheard of, but I think I've found it."

"In that case it sounds like the chance of her life," said David, unconsciously using Gloria's words.

Claudia cleared her throat.

"I have got to get back to the theatre for the evening performance," she mentioned in a small voice.

"So you have," Miss Brewster agreed. She squared round to look at Claudia for almost the first time. "You've been so quiet. Tell me, what have you got to say about all this?"

"She has nothing to say," David interjected firmly. "She loves the theatre, and she belongs in it, and if this is her big opportunity, she's going to take it. Bill, please, waiter."

Claudia turned to Miss Brewster. "David's so stage-struck he's forgot I have a home and children," she explained a little apologetically.

"Some of our biggest stars have homes and children," Miss Brewster smiled. "I have two daughters of my own."

It was something of a shock. Miss Brewster didn't look as if she had two daughters.

"You don't even look married," Claudia exclaimed.

"Thank you!" Miss Brewster laughed, taking it as a compliment.



She grasped Claudia's hand and gave it a firm and hearty shake. "We'll consider it settled, shall we? You come to my office on Monday, and I'll give you a script, and then we can have a long talk about it."

She gave David the same kind of a shake, and was gone.

Claudia closed her mouth with difficulty and moistened her lips. She wanted to say a lot of things, chiefly that it was all a ridiculous idea, and that she couldn't possibly leave home. But the words wouldn't come.

Adding to her confusion and amazement, by the time she reached the back-stage entrance everyone knew that she was going to play the lead in Miss Brewster's new play. She did her best to deny it, to try to make them understand that nothing was settled, but to no avail. A *Cinderella* story had happened in their midst, and it was theirs to cherish and inflate according to the age-old tradition of the stage. Even Jerry's gloom was temporarily dispelled.

"At least," he said, "something good has come out of this ghastly fiasco." His lips twisted in a grimace of satisfaction. "Wait until Sam Goldheart hears that Brewster wants you. He'll rage."

"No, he won't," said Gloria. "He'll take all the credit."

Claudia felt like crying as the curtain fell for the last time on "Happy Trouble." No sooner had the velvet folds splashed to the floor than half a dozen busy stagehands began to strike the set so that the stage could be cleared for the set of a new play which was to be moved in that same night. It was all so sad and final, Claudia thought.

They had intended to stay until Sunday, but at the last minute they found they could manage the mid-night train. "The children and Bertha don't expect us. It'll be fun to surprise them in the morning," Claudia begged.

David had left the car parked at Eastbrook station. The roads looked unfamiliar, with the headlights scooping up the blackness as they drove alone through the night.

"Smell," Claudia said ecstatically.

"Smell what?" asked David.

"Just air," said Claudia happily.

"Dressed up with a dash of daffodils and manure."

The house was cradled in the bend of the road, asleep.

"I'll leave the car in front," David whispered, "so as not to wake anybody."

Bluff gave a single sharp bark from his kennel, and then decided that he was mistaken.

"Old stupid!" David muttered affectionately.

A pair of tiny headlights pierced the blanket of darkness as Shakespeare appeared and mewed gently in welcome.

"Hallo, darling. Don't tell anyone we're here!" Claudia whispered. "It's a surprise."

They tiptoed in and felt their way in the dark.

"I'd like to peep in the children's room," Claudia breathed.

"Don't," David stopped her. "Hold your horses until morning."

They undressed without putting on a light. David stubbed his toe getting into bed and cursed softly.

"Loon," Claudia giggled. "Oh, what a wonderful mattress!" she discovered. "Was it always so wonderful? So wonderful—"

Please turn to page 23

SHE TASTED THE DREGS

A SOCIAL CLIMBER, MRS. CUST, WAS KEEN TO JOIN THE UPPER CRUST

MY DANCE WILL FLOOR THESE TOPPS, SHE SAID THE BILLS FLOORED MR. CUST INSTEAD!

BUT HOUSEWORK HANDS SMASHED EVERY HOPE—(SHE'D NEVER HEARD OF SOLVOL SOAP!)

THIS OVERSIGHT SHE RECTIFIED... AND NOW—WHY SHE'S THE SOCIAL PRIDE

SOLVOL
KITCHEN & SOUP STEEL

Solvol shifts grime faster

"Housework Hands" become "Hostess Hands" when you use Solvol! Fruit and vegetable stains . . . fireplace grime and stove grease . . . all go down the drain with Solvol's rich, penetrating lather. It does a job ordinary soaps can never do! And Solvol works fast!

Brief Heaven Continued from page 22

CLAUDIA must have fallen asleep before David could return, because the next thing she knew there was sun at the window. It was an early sun—too fragile and she burst into the room. Without looking at her watch she knew it wasn't seven o'clock. She lay still, feeling the sense of home. How clean everything was, how fresh and still. Bertha had polished the furniture—Bertha was crazy about polishing furniture, bless her. She looked across to the other bed—David was still sound asleep.

A little more of the strenuous life of the theatre, she reflected with a grin, and he'd sleep until noon.

She got up very quietly, feeling suddenly like a human being. It was wonderful to be alive this early in the morning. She looked out of the bathroom window. Spring had really come in the month she had been away. A fuzz of tender green-yellow had covered the dark brown hills of winter, and the tree on the terrace was a masterpiece of intricate handwork—each slender branch full of tiny furled leaves.

Across the lawn a couple of hens strutted forth like fat old ladies in polka-dot dresses. Bluff ambled alone, and they picked up their tails and ran screaming to safety.

Claudia laughed and gave a low whistle. Bluff lifted his ears and turned to marble. There is nothing quite so beautiful as a Great Dane listening. An instant later he was whelping towards the house. Claudia heard him arguing with Bertha at the kitchen door. He was determined to come in and Bertha was equally determined that he stay out. He couldn't seem to make her understand that the family was home and that he must come in. She kept saying:

"No, no, you wake the children!" Whiskedly, Claudia whistled again. It was a whistle that only Bluff could hear. She stole back guiltily and sat on the bed.

David was awake when she got there.

"You went in the children's room," he accused her.

"I didn't," she denied. "I wanted

to, but I didn't. I'm going to wait until they're up."

"Look who's here," said David. He pointed to Shakespeare, sitting on the sill staring in at them.

"All the privacy of a farmyard," said Claudia.

She opened the window. He pretended not to notice her and closed his amber eyes disinterestedly.

"Don't try that on me," Claudia adjured him tartly. "Make up your mind. In or out?"

Shakespeare decided "in," and leapt into the room, waving his tail in an airy banner of disdain. But his purring belied him. It followed him round the room like a little engine, and got louder and louder as he reached the bed in his own circuitous fashion.

"If we don't pay any attention to him," Claudia enunciated, behind wooden lips, "he'll come up."

"I would not," said David coldly. "Spell words out for a cat."

"I didn't spell," said Claudia.

"It was the same as," David said. "Can you beat that?" He broke off. "How on earth did that animal know that we were home?"

"I have no idea," Claudia murmured as the door of the living-room burst open and a regiment of heavy paws thundered up the stairs.

"Watch it!" David warned, but it was too late.

Bluff was already on the bed, tramping them down in his exuberant welcome and distributing a wholesale shower of kisses in doggy abandon with one great sweep of his tongue.

"Not on my mouth! And get off my shin-bone!" Claudia besought him in a single breath. "You old sweet idiot. I missed you terribly!"

The word aroused familiar memories. Bluff barked. He seemed to be enchanted with the sound of himself barking, and went on and on, gurgling the barks at the back of his throat until they blended in a banished wail.

"What's the matter with him?" Claudia shouted over the din

"He's just glad to see us!" David shouted back.

To her tortured ears another Great Dane seemed to be pounding up the stairs, but it was only Bertha, brandishing a leather leash.

"When I get you I'll thrash you, you bad dog!" she threatened in pent-up fury. Her anger dissolved abruptly when she saw Claudia's face peeping out from under the tent of Bluff's four legs. "Oh!" she cried. "What a clever dog. He told me you were home, but I didn't believe him!"

For a long moment Bluff clung with his rear paws in a half-somersault and then heaved a great sigh and he gave up. Bertha edged up to the bed.

"Mr. David says you were wonderful," she beamed.

Claudia's mind went back a long distance into some vague hinterland where people were actors acting out a make-believe life behind a velvet curtain in a land lit with strange lights.

"You don't know half now wonderful," David answered Bertha's question. "We'll tell you after breakfast."

BERTHA hustled from the room, only to return on the tip of her toes.

"Bobby's coming now," she announced in a loud whisper.

She lingered at the door to watch him as he saw his mother after so long an absence. She was disappointed. Bobby took a head out of Shakespeare's book, with only the immense indifference of his greeting to give him away.

"Hullo!" he said.

"Hullo!" said Claudia.

Bertha said: "Come here," but he eluded her and flung his arms round Bluff and lavished full and rich endearments on his head and kissed him noisily. Bertha flattened her lips. "He kisses the dog," she observed as an exit line, but Claudia sighed with happiness for it was good to be missed as Bobby had

missed her. It was good to be welcomed in this strange and beautiful fashion by a son who was quickly growing up.

She wondered how long it would take Matthew to come in. Matthew probably knew that she was home, but it didn't mean a great deal to him one way or another. Matthew was probably, at the moment, throwing his shoe into the air and pretending it was an aeroplane.

David's low voice broke into her thoughts.

"Go and get Matthew," he said to Bobby.

Bobby threw him a quick look.

"He's still asleep, though."

"You can wake him up," said David.

Bobby went part way to the bedroom.

"Matthew!" he shouted.

"Mother's home!"

There was a quick, soft rush of feet, and Matthew was there, with his head against her breast and his arms choking her with a tight, fierce strength.

"Mother," he cried, "don't go away again! Stay here!"

She held him close, and then, still holding him, put him away from her. "Let me look at you," she said. "You've got so tall—"

She looked at him. Nobody said anything. Nobody had to. Matthew had travelled into lonely spaces. Matthew had had a long dream, and he had almost not come back—the dream was still there in his eyes.

"Why didn't you let me know?" Claudia whispered.

"Let you know what?" David

brazened it out.

She shook her head mutely.

"Don't. What was it?"

"He stepped on a rusty nail. It went through his shoe. He didn't say anything about it. Bertha noticed the inflammation the day after she got here, when she was giving him a bath."

Claudia wet her lips.

"Blood poisoning?"

"He's perfectly all right now," said Bertha.

THAT WAS too much for Bobby. Reluctant to have so major an incident so speedily dismissed, he interjected importantly: "But he almost died."

"I felt it," said Claudia. She went back over the days and found in the mosaic a clue to all she had not understood. "I had a dream, too," she said. "A dream about Matthew going over a precipice. A terrible dream. The very day you came up, the day of the opening."

David hooted. "He was practically up and about by then."

"Even so," said Claudia.

She lifted Matthew on the bed and looked at his foot. Such a very small scar—and almost, he wasn't sitting here with his head against her heart.

"You should be glad," David took up, as if he read her thoughts, "that this is all behind us. Now you won't have to worry. You can leave us with a free and easy mind."

A look of distrust came into Bobby's face, and there was a kind of sternness in his voice.

"Are you going away again?" he asked her.

Matthew's arms tightened round her neck.

"I don't want you to go away! I want you to stay here!"

She kissed him. Heaven was so brief. He would never be four again, and Bobby would never be seven, and soon David would be cured of the war and back in the swing of things. There was so little time to be needed. This was her chance—the chance of her life.

"I'm staying," she said.

(Copyright)

Our New Serial

THE opening instalment will appear next week of "DANGER ON THE RUN" by David Dodge. This is an exciting two-part story of modern highway robbery, in which mystery and swift-moving adventure are interwoven with a bright, intriguing romance.

WHY IS YOUR APRON SO MUCH *Whiter* THAN MY SHIRT?

IT'S
PERSIL
WHITE

Hear these popular radio programmes
MON TO FRI 7.30
10 a.m. FRIDAY "Big Sister"
8 p.m. EVERY "Bob Over Show"
WEDNESDAY



Just compare Persil whiteness with the whiteness you get from the best of ordinary washers! The difference will amaze you. The reason is that Persil's suds are charged with oxygen—so they're extra active, extra cleansing. Gently they wash away every trace of dirt—not some of it . . . not most of it . . . but ALL OF IT. Persil washes whiter because it washes cleaner. When you see Persil whiteness you'll wonder why you were satisfied with anything else.

PERSIL gives
the whitest
wash



Red Cross carries on!

IN TIME OF WAR, Red Cross gives notable service, standing beside the sick and wounded of the fighting forces, supplementing the working of the medical services, looking after their needs in prisoner of war camps, and in a multitude of ways giving them mental as well as physical relief. Because the wartime duties of Red Cross constitute so outstanding a contribution to the service of humanity, many people imagine that its work is ended with the sounding of the "Cease Fire." There is never an end to the work of Red Cross; its peacetime activities, less spectacular than those of the war years, are no less important. The Australian Red Cross Society, in its proposed work for the Australian people, has committed itself to heavy responsibilities; its ability to carry out its plans depends on the co-operation of the people for whom it is working. To fight suffering and illness the Society needs funds; it needs equally the services of all its members.

Red Cross Responsibilities!

First priority . . . the sick and wounded servicemen

CONVALESCENT HOMES

In order to care for men and women from both the recent war and the 1914-1918 war, Red Cross will maintain homes and T.B. hospitals and sanatoria. Special treatment and facilities are provided for discharged Servicemen at the Red Cross Rehabilitation Farm, Gilbulla, N.S.W.

SOCIAL SERVICE

Red Cross provides social workers and medical social workers to help ex-Servicemen and women, particularly prisoners of war, in the problems of readjustment. Red Cross also provides scholarships to enable men and women to train as social workers at Australian and overseas universities.

HANDCRAFT SERVICE

In all military hospitals and Red Cross convalescent homes, trained personnel instruct Servicemen and women in all branches of handicrafts. This work covers not only the distraction of boredom but is under medical supervision frequently used for re-educating damaged or atrophied muscles.

LIBRARY SERVICES

Throughout the war years, Red Cross Libraries, functioning in Base Hospitals and Field Hospital Units, provided welcome diversion for the sick and wounded. This service will be continued in military establishments and, where possible, extended to civilian institutions.



Red Cross voluntary Aids working at the Women's Hospital, Sydney, wear gauze masks to safeguard babies from infection. A Voluntary Aid patiently watches her small charge finishing its meal.



A Red Cross handcrafts worker helps a repatriated prisoner of war to make a leather handbag. Diversional therapy is a feature of Red Cross service in military hospitals and convalescent homes.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

The Australian Red Cross Society wishes gratefully to acknowledge photographs used in this page, which have been furnished by the Department of Information, Department of Air, Military History, and by the Australian Press.



Looking forward to a camping holiday to be spent in National Park, S.A., crippled children wave good-bye to their parents from the windows of the Red Cross bus in which they are leaving Adelaide.



The emphasis is on healthy out-door work at "Gilbulla," the Red Cross Rehabilitation Farm at Menangle, N.S.W., for ex-servicemen of the recent war. A serviceman is shown receiving instruction in the making of butter, one of the varying aspects of husbandry taught at "Gilbulla."

OTHER VITAL SERVICES

BLOOD TRANSFUSION

+ The Red Cross Blood Transfusion Service, which saved the lives of thousands of Service personnel, is available to every man, woman and child in Australia. In every State, Blood Banks provide free service when needed.

NUTRITION SERVICE

+ Throughout Australia, Red Cross lectures, leaflets and broadcasts are spreading a knowledge of the principles of nutrition. In no way can Red Cross render a more valuable contribution to the health of Australia than by making known the elements and advantages of correct diet.

JUNIOR RED CROSS

+ The continuity of the Society is ensured by Junior Red Cross, in which are laid the foundations of tomorrow's organisation. The Junior Red Cross programme is a comprehensive one, designed to educate children in the principles of good citizenship and international understanding.

HEALTH PROMOTION

+ Red Cross gives special training in child management, home nursing and first aid. It supports kindergartens and creches, helps crippled children and incapacitated persons, and gives practical help in T.B. clinics, immunisation schemes, mass-radiography and X-ray examinations.



Library service is an important part of Red Cross work for sick and convalescent Service personnel, and is being extended to civilian hospitals. Two Red Cross Library workers help a patient to choose a book.

RED CROSS still needs your help!

Peacetime use for wartime hostels

HOSTELS, similar to those run for servicemen and servicewomen in wartime, would do a great deal to overcome the shortage of labor by providing accommodation for boys and girls forced to live away from home.

I am 14 years old, and would like to go into industry as soon as I can. So would my 15-year-old brother. But where are we going to live?

This is a burning problem for parents, whereas if there were hostels they would be certain their children had good sleeping-quarters for a small weekly charge.

It is to Herbert Dighton, Kooroora, Gympie Rd., Caboolture, Qld.

Encourage homework

SOUTH AUSTRALIA plans to abolish the intermediate examination after this year; in New South Wales there is no longer any differentiation between A and B passes in that exam.

These changes will surely in time lessen the children's incentive to do their best work.

To see that their work is kept up to a high standard it behoves all parents to encourage that one-time bogey, homework, as never before.

5/- to G. M. Kroeger, Loxton, S.A.

What's on your mind?

Not normal

NORMAL people possess the natural ability to live happy married lives.

When divorce becomes necessary it indicates that husband or wife suffers from an unconscious difficulty.

Compulsory psycho-analysis of all candidates for divorce would in many cases remove the need for divorce.

5/- to E. W. Cox, 15 Pridham St., Maribyrnong, Vic.

Sentiment rampant

WHY shouldn't we have more originality in our homes and furnishings?

To want things for their sentimental and not for their monetary



value makes far happier homes for those who are blessed with the capacity to appreciate true values.

So why not let the sailor have his souvenirs in the lounge, and his diver's helmet as a centerpiece for the dining-room table?

5/- to A. M. Little, Bunyip, Vic.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 350 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 8. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for first letter used, and 5/- for others. The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Poor advertisement

SURELY the designs for the new peace stamps are not a fair example of the art talent of to-day. It is a shame such illustrations should represent us all over the world.

How different if a competition had been held for designs. I think a great opportunity has been lost to advance Australian art.

5/- to Mrs. D. Anderson, 11 Ritchard Ave., Coogee, N.S.W.

Local travel films

TRAVEL talks and short technical films showing Australian and New Zealand scenes would show people who cannot travel the beauties of our own country.

We are often quite familiar with the look of New York streets, but have not the slightest idea of the beauty of places close at hand.

5/- to Miss E. M. Sedgley, 20 Woodland St., Marrickville, N.S.W.

Teen-ager protests

JUST when teen-agers are excited at the prospect of starting out on the serious business of life on their own initiative, some older folks think it necessary to lecture them all the time.

We know we should obey our parents, but as for minding the younger children and saving all our money, that's bunkum. Let the kids look after themselves as we had to, and money was made to spend.

Please let the teen-agers have their bit of fun.

5/- to Miss Rosemary Fisher, Yarra Bay Rd., Yarra Bay, N.S.W.

Parking area for cycles

EVERYBODY is talking about car parks to decrease congestion of cars in the city area, but what about bicycle parks?

Often bicycle wheels are buckled



because the pedals slip off the kerb, and the machine falls under the wheels of oncoming cars.

There should be a small space set aside by the City Council where cycles could be watched by an attendant. Cyclists would pay a small fee.

5/- to Mr. A. Keen, 3 Henry St., Rockhampton, Qld.

I'M SHABBY ALREADY!
THAT'S BECAUSE GRITTY
CLEANSERS SCRATCH
THINGS CLEAN-TAKE
YEARS OFF OUR LIFE!



Clean
Smoothly with
VIM
-NEVER SCRATCHES

I'M A SHINING EXAMPLE
OF HOW VIM KEEPS
EVERYTHING NEW-LOOKING.
VIM'S FINE SOAP-COATED
PARTICLES REMOVE
THE DIRT BUT NOT THE
SURFACE



VIM 7-32

Don't Make Me Fall in Love

Continued from page 21

NOBBOY turned to Margie. "Do you mind if we go with them? They're good men, but they'll make my life miserable if I don't let them in on you."

She went down out of the park with the five soldiers. One girl and five trim soldiers, moving through the laughter of a summer crowd on a soft summer evening.

It came over her as the music had. She was Margie Carson, who was out for herself and her future, but for this little while she was popular and feminine.

She telephoned her mother, telling her she was with friends and wouldn't be home for a while. Tomorrow she could explain. She felt guilty at her mother's quick pleasure in hearing she was having a good time.

The soldiers took Margie into the town and they played darts. She had never played before, and Nobbo showed her how to stand, how to hold the dart. Later they went and danced to the tiny orchestra on the tiny floor. Nobbo claimed the first and last dances and let the others have the dances in between.

He smiled down at her, holding her. "For a girl who doesn't go out much you're certainly enjoying yourself, aren't you?" Her eyes dropped before his mocking glance, the barrier of golden lashes dropping over them.

Nobbo took her home, alone, on the bus. She kept her face, flushed and warm, and her eyes too bright with the evening, turned to the window. Nobbo was silent. But she was aware of his sleeve brushing her arm.

Walking up the street to the house, Nobbo caught her swinging hand. He pressed it with his hard young fingers and a treacherous current sped up her arm. Abruptly she pulled away.

"What's the matter, Margie?"

"Nothing."

They were going softly up the wide steps. They stopped before the door. She turned back to Nobbo. "Good night," she said, and put out her hand.

He smiled at her in the soft light. "You mean this is all there is?"

"What else would there be?"

"A good-night kiss?" His fingers brushed her wrist.

She drew away. "No, please."

He laughed softly. "Oh, now, Marge. Don't be like that." He

was pulling her toward him. She was desperately afraid. Not of Nobbo, but of the kiss.

"I'm not—"

"That kind of a girl," he finished. His voice said he didn't believe it. His voice said she was a girl he had met in the park, where girls went to find soldiers.

"Don't... don't touch me," she whispered vehemently.

He let her go then, but he was not chagrined. "Don't worry. I know when the answer is no. But I don't understand you, Margie. I'll have to try again."

"I can't see you again."

His mouth was angry. "What are you trying to tell me? That to-night was just a whim? The princess coming down from the tower to cavort in disguise with her regiment? You can't play that way, Margie."

"I can't play at all," she said bleakly.

He turned on his heel and ran down the steps.

She was trembling when she went in the house. She had done it. She had taken her fun and stopped it before it was too late. It was better that way. She wouldn't need to worry about him trying to see her again.

The next day was Margie's early Saturday. She got through work in a short time and took the bus into the centre of town. She had seen a flower-clip with earrings to match that she wanted as a birthday gift for her mother.

She had been amused at her mother's reception of the incident with Nobbo. "Well, if you're sure he was a nice boy, Margie... in wartime it's hard to observe the formalities. Will you be seeing him again?"

"No," Margie said shortly. "I won't."

No. No one like Nobbo Clark, who would put her in danger of living as her mother had lived.

The bus pulled into the square and Nobbo was standing at the foot of the steps when she alighted.

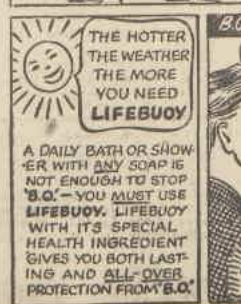
"Well, Margie," he said.

Margie said coldly: "How do you do?" and walked past him.

He fell into step beside her. "I thought you'd be on that bus. I rang your house and talked to your mother. She said you were coming in to shop after work."

Please turn to page 26

ONE WAY TO WIN A HUSBAND



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M

MARGIE held her shoulders straight and stiff in her green suit. Do not glance at him, she told herself sternly. Do not smile. "I'll come along with you," Nobby said.

"You won't be interested. I'm buying something for my mother . . . a few things for myself." "Ah," said Nobby. "Feminine what-nots. Where shall we eat lunch? How about this restaurant here on the square? 'Special lunch with veal chop, 2s. 6d.' Meat, Margie."

Margie gave an exasperated laugh. "I can't shake you off, can I?"

Nobby shook his head. "No. Not a chance. You know, Margie, I'm a farmer's son in the old tradition. My father bred horses, and I could break a colt before I was knee-high. A woman is only a horse without four legs."

Nobby's good humor undermined the tension that was always in her. They walked close together down the old, wavering, cobbled pavement and she felt peaceful, happy, unwilling to break the mood.

As they were passing an antique shop Nobby stopped. "I'll be blown. Look at that."

He pointed to the window, to the silver figure of a cow, sandwiched between the faded willow pattern dishes and dented pewter mugs. "What would you say that was for, Margie, that cow?"

"I don't know. It looks silly to me." "I like silly things," he said with decision. "I'm going to buy it."

"What on earth do you want it for?" she asked with amusement. "I don't know what I want a lot of things for."

She met his black gaze and glanced quickly away. Inside the shop a young man came forward to meet them.

Nobby said: "That cow in the window . . . I want to see it."

The man reached in and brought it out. "It's a jug," he said. His finger pressed at the base of the tail and a small lid sprang up in the back. "Cream jug," he added.

"That's what I call tricky," Nobby was pleased as a boy. "How much?" he asked.

"Forty shillings," Nobby whistled.

"Sterling silver . . . a sacrifice."

"Humm." He pulled out a wallet and inspected its contents. "I've only got a quid left . . . I'm nearly broke, but it's close to pay day."

"I couldn't let it go for less," the man said.

Margie saw the disappointment in Nobby's face. She thought he had his heart set on it.

She said cleverly, "Nobby, let's buy it together. I like it, too. Let's each put a pound and get it." She was fishing in her purse.

"Oh, listen, Margie."

"No. I want to." She drew out a note.

Nobby said: "I'll pay you back. Make it a loan."

She couldn't get the clip to-day, or the earrings.

They came out of the shop with the pitcher jug under Nobby's arm.

He said, pleased: "That's a dandy little gadget. Think of all the times I've had cream, and didn't have this to put it in . . ."

Margie was unreasonably glad she had helped him make the purchase.

When, her shopping done, they stopped for a meal, Nobby took the jug from its wrappings, and put it on the black-topped table between them. He showed Margie again how the lid came up.

"It's a spring. You just press it here and up it pops."

"That's what I call tricky," Nobby was pleased as a boy. "How much?" he asked.

Don't Make Me Fall in Love

Continued from page 25

"Mother would love it," Margie said. "I wish I'd bought it myself."

Nobby said: "Look . . . if you want to keep your share, we'll take turns. We'll keep it ours. You have it a while, then send it to me."

Margie laughed. "What would you do with it at camp . . . or overseas?"

Nobby said stubbornly: "I don't know. It would certainly dress up the place though. And I saw it first."

They argued amiably over its usefulness to Nobby. When they rose to go, he said, "What time to-night, Margie?"

Now is the time. Tell him to forget about the money and let him go. This much was fun and you don't want any more.

He touched her arm and a quick thrill went through her. He thrust the jug into her hands. "Keep this, Margie. So you'll know you'll be seeing me. To-night."

She met his gaze. It was the first time she had met it fully. Black eyes can be blinding. "What time?" he asked her softly.

"Eight o'clock." She half whispered it.

When she got home Tom and Lydia were on the lawn. The baby was in her pram near Lydia.

Margie said "Hello," and stopped to clasp the baby's outstretched hand. Lydia murmured: "Hello." She shook back her long brown hair and Margie thought her face looked more radiant than it had since Bill had gone away. Perhaps she had heard from him to-day. Lydia was not very confiding.

Margie found her mother in her room on the first floor, working on an evening dress she had made for Lydia the year before. Phyl sat at her feet, legs crossed, sorting buttons in Mrs. Carson's box, her dark curly head bent over it as she talked earnestly. She stopped talking when Margie came in and got to her feet.

"Hullo, Margie. I'll tell you the rest later, Aunt Lou." She brushed by Margie.

Margie took Phyl's place on the floor. "What's the big secret?"

"Oh, just something about Lydia going to London."

"Lydia going to London! I haven't heard anything about it."

"Didn't she tell you? She got a telegram from Bill while we were at lunch. He's been sent home and he believes it's permanent. He wants Lydia and the baby to join him. I've never seen anyone so happy! She was too excited to eat. I'm renovating some of her clothes."

Her mother's grey eyes brightened as she talked and suddenly Margie saw the scene at luncheon as clearly as though she had been there. The telegram . . . Lydia coming back to the table sparkling with delight. She felt a sharp hurt. But even had she seen there, Margie knew she would have no part in Lydia's joy. But her mother was part of it; she was aglow with it.

Margie said stiffly: "So that was what Phyl was talking about, that she couldn't in front of me."

"No, it was something else."

Margie laughed shortly. "John's in love with her," she said, "and I suppose she was confessing it all to you."

Her mother met her gaze steadily. "It isn't funny to Phyl. I don't know that she wants me to talk about it."

"Not to me." Margie glanced at the work in her mother's lap. Mrs. Carson was sewing tiny flowers over the skirt of the dress. The bunch from which the flowers had been taken was on her work table. "Aren't those the flowers I gave you for your coat?"

"I didn't think you'd care. They'll look so nice on this . . . You don't mind?"

"They're yours," Margie said. Then she added briefly, "That soldier I met last night is coming over later."

"Are you going out with him?"

"No."

Her mother said crisply: "Margie, I hope I haven't brought you up to be a fool. I talked with that boy when he rang up to-day and he sounded very attractive."

Margie thought bitterly, she doesn't understand it's because of her that I'm doing it.

Dinner was a noisy affair that night, hectic with discussion of Lydia's trip. Over coffee, Uncle Joe suggested the cinema. Phyl was seeing John again and refused. Tom said he'd go if he didn't have to trail along with the family or sit with them. Aunt Molly and Mrs. Carson decided to stack the dishes so they could get an early start. "I'll stay with the baby," Margie said, "so Lydia can go."

She was alone when Nobby came. She had put the silver jug, still wrapped on the mantel in the living-room. Nobby came in as though he had been there a hundred times before. In the hall he slipped his arm about her waist and walked with her into the living-room. Margie clenched her teeth against the feel of his arm about her.

He stood apart from her, holding her hands. "Am I going to meet your mother? I'd like to . . ."

"They're all gone to the pictures," Margie released her hands and went to the fireplace, took down the package and thrust it towards Nobby.

"What's this?" he demanded.

"Your jug."

"Mine? It isn't mine, for heaven's sake. It's ours."

Margie shook her head. "I want you to . . . pay me back."

Nobby's mouth came down violently at the corners. He took the package and tore off the covering. He balanced the silver jug in his hand, then flung it on a chair. He pulled out his wallet and took out a pound.

"I got hold of some money. I thought we'd be going out."

He grabbed her hand angrily, pressed the money against her palm, and squeezed her fingers over it.

"This makes it square." He grasped her by the shoulders, his hands heavy and shaking with fury. "What are you trying to do to me, Margie? Don't you know I came here to make love to you? I came to say: 'Margie, I'm crazy about you. I'm in love with you.' I came to say: 'We've got one thing together. Now let's always have everything together.'"

Margie cried, her eyes flashing, "You hadn't any right to say that! You haven't any right to make love to a girl. You're going to war . . . Nobby, listen. My mother lives here, dependent on her sister to-day, because a soldier made love to her during the last war. It's not going to happen to me . . . there's a time afterwards. There isn't just now. Doesn't it mean anything to you, that you may be . . ."

He clapped his hand over her mouth. "I wouldn't say that. You're not going to say it, either, in times like this. You're not even going to think it. Why—you haven't got it in you to love a man. If you had, you wouldn't let what you were going to say into your heart."

He let her go. "Last night I knew you weren't any ordinary girl! The boys I was with were betting they could get you to go out with them. I bet you wouldn't go. I don't know why I asked you . . . But when you said you would I still knew you weren't ordinary . . . I had an idea—maybe it was cock-eyed—that it was because it was me."

H

HE swallowed hard, then went on: "When we bought that cow jug together, I kept going through me like a song. 'It's hers and mine . . . mine and hers.' I thought that was right, Margie, and I thought you'd have found it too. But you're afraid. You're afraid to share anything with anybody else. That's what it amounts to, Margie."

She had moved away from him and dropped to the couch.

He said bitterly, "It's too bad you're the way you are, Margie, because I think we could have made a go of it." Then he left her. She heard the front door slam.

She sank back on the couch and put her hand up against her hair.

She was still sitting there when the others came back from the film. They came in laughing, chattering about the picture, and Margie had to explain Nobby's departure, lying carefully.

Tom, who had condescended to return with his family, cried: "Look . . . Did he bring this?" and pointed on the jug in the chair where Nobby had thrown it.

She said blankly: "No . . ."

"Whose is it?" Tom persisted. "Yours?"

"No. It's ours," Margie said, and put out her hand blindly, tears springing to her eyes.

She stood facing them . . . all of them standing together, all of these part of each other, sharing and planning and telling their secrets together. Her mother, too . . . her mother with them inescapably in the give and take. Her mother who had a home, this home, not out of charity but out of being needed . . .

She saw them through the blur across her eyes. "It's his and mine," she said. "We bought it together."

She was breaking up inside. She walked out past the others, not seeing them at all. No one spoke to her. They let her pass, as though they knew. I have to find you, Nobby. He would not have gone back to camp. She was sure of that.

She went into place after place and walked through with her blue eyes shining, and asked: "Has anyone named Nobby Clark been here?"

Some people laughed and some said: "Sure, Miss. My name's Nobby." And some tried to be helpful. But she could find no trace of him. She had to go on trying, though.

She went into a coffee shop near the railway station and stood by the door, and said again: "Is Nobby Clark in here?" And a man on a stool at the counter turned round. And Margie went to him and said softly: "Hullo, Nobby." She put the money he had given her on the counter. Nobby said quietly, not asking any questions: "Oh, Margie, you nearly killed me."

He pushed back his cup and slid off the stool. He took her arm and they went out, walking along the street.

"Nobby," Margie said, "Nobby . . . you've got to share, haven't you? I never did. They would have shared with me . . . my cousins . . . and I wouldn't. I was so bent on getting things for myself and mother I never owned anything with anyone else until to-day. Not till I bought that silly jug with you . . . How can you want me?"

Nobby stopped her. "Margie, Margie, darling. How could I not want you? You're wonderful. Now we're together . . . and nothing else matters."

She smiled at him in the twilight of the street lamp and took the jug from her pocket. But this time when she gave it to him, it was more than a foolish silver jug, for which each had paid; it was love shared, for this day, for a lifetime.

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Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



★ Tiredness makes nervy mothers!

SLEEP BETTER

and you will quickly feel better

To a tired mother, a good night's sleep is the best tonic for both baby and her. It is the perfect antidote to the nerviness which often comes to an overworked, over-tired woman who has to cope with normal household worries and the constant care of a young family.



The enjoyment of a good night's rest is important to everyone; to women with young children it is of paramount importance. If a mother is tired from lack of the deep refreshing sleep she needs, she becomes irritable with everyone even including the children. This constant irritability has an adverse effect on her health which is often reflected in her face and in both her own and her children's health.

How to attain deep sleep.

Thousands of mothers everywhere, confronted with this problem of poor sleep, have tried with complete success a method, recommended by doctors and practised in hospitals and nursing homes, to aid their quest for adequate and refreshing rest. It is the regular taking of Cadbury's Bourn-vita every night before retiring.

The main reason why many people sleep badly is because their bodies are not receiving the nourishment that is necessary during sleep. It is a proved medical fact that your body needs more energy during the first hour of sleep than it does in any normal hour during the day. If you go to bed several hours after your evening meal it is improbable that your stomach contains sufficient nourishment to provide for this necessary energy. That is why the rich food elements in Bourn-vita are of such great value to those people — both men and women — who lie awake for hours, finding sleep hard to get.

What is Bourn-vita?

Bourn-vita is made of full-cream milk, fresh eggs and barley malt with the addition of energising chocolate. This highly nutritious combination of foods is rich in the minerals Calcium, Phosphorus and Iron and provides also a store of the Vitamins A, B and D. The Calcium and Phosphorus have the effect of calming taut nerves and with the other food elements combine to provide a source of quickly assimilated energy which the body needs during the hours of sleep. One other important point, particularly to those mothers who suffer from

indigestion, is the fact that Bourn-vita is easily digestible, being rich in Diastase — a natural digestive element.

Easy to prepare.

Cadbury's Bourn-vita is simplicity itself to prepare. Simply place two teaspoonfuls of crisp Bourn-vita granules in a cup or glass of milk. Stir! It requires only a moment or two of preparation to make your regular nightcap of Bourn-vita, which you may make with hot or cold milk as you prefer.

Buy some Cadbury's Bourn-vita. Drink it each night before retiring — every night for a month. You will sleep better after the very first night and feel the sense of heightened well-being as the days pass. Remember — Bourn-vita — made by Cadbury's from full-cream milk, fresh eggs, barley malt and chocolate, in the model Cadbury factory in the country surroundings of Claremont, Tasmania.



Cadbury's **BOURN-VITA**

—every night before bed

Keep on buying Savings Certificates and Stamps.

Screen Pip thinks Dickens is dull

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

Chosen from nearly a thousand schoolboys to speak Dickens' famed lines as Pip in the film version of "Great Expectations," 13-year-old Tony Wager thinks Charles Dickens' books "pretty dull."

"We had to do 'Oliver Twist' at school," young Tony told me, with a grimace.

TONY, son of a builder-plumber, might be one of England's luckiest boys, but he is untouched by his sudden dizzy rise to stardom.

Soon his thin, sensitive face, with fair hair falling over his forehead like a silken mop, will perpetuate a mind-image of Dickens' Pip for millions of us.

Rather like a thin cherub, Tony is, in fact, the angelic answer to director David Lean's prayer when he pushes him on to the set; but he undergoes a quicksilver change when shooting stops.

For while technicians unrel tape-measures, touch up property cobwebs, juggle with spotlights, lay camera "tracks," Tony gets up to all sorts of tricks.

Clumping about in heavy boots, snake-proof trousers, short, tight jacket, and velvet Dickensian schoolboy cap, he climbs into the sound-box, scales property scaffolding, squints through cameras, and drowns all the noises of the studio at work with a piercing soprano.

Even off the set Tony lives various parts, talking with an Irish, Scottish, Welsh, Cockney, or north country accent.

"Ever since I can remember I have wanted to be an actor," Tony said.

Grizzled property-veteran Planagan, particular victim of Tony's startling powers of mimicry, winces every time he hears the shrill reproduction of his Irish brogue echoing from somewhere on the set.

As Tony is not yet 14 years old, the directors are allowed to put him

under the Kleig lights for only one hour every day.

Then motherly Mrs. Beavan leads him off to his schoolroom for an hour's tuition.

Mrs. Beavan has been governess to many of England's film-children, and must chaperon Tony wherever he goes, see he does not get into draughts, and take him by car between his home in Mill Hill (London) and Denham Studios.

"Tony has the quickest brain of any child I've taught," Mrs. Beavan said. "He won a scholarship to Christ's College, but had to give it up when shooting started on 'Great Expectations.'"

Tony himself says swotting geography, English, French, arithmetic, and history at his studio schoolroom, or in a tent on location down in Kent marshes—the Dickens country—has all been more like a holiday. "That is, except for the arithmetic. I hate it!"

Natural simplicity

BEFORE the camera Tony has a natural simplicity that seasoned actors have been trying for years to acquire, and still haven't got.

Director Lean merely said to him, "Now, Tony, I want you to look a little bit surprised when Estrella tells you to take off your cap. And take an interest in everything around you."

He wiped the unipha look from his face and dropped into character so simply that David Lean stopped the cameras after only two "takes."

When directors say "excellent" after two takes, film stars get a



TIDDLER-CATCHING is favorite pastime of the set for Tony Wager, 13-year-old London boy playing Pip in screen version of Dickens' "Great Expectations." The Kent marshes, where many scenes are being shot, make a good tiddler-hunting ground.

dreamy look as if they had just heard an ode by Shelley.

At home, after a day at the studio, this boy-discovery, who is billed to immortalise Pip on the screen, as Freddie Bartholomew did David Copperfield, does not escape doing chores for his mother, or looking after his three little sisters, Marilyn, Gail, and two-year-old Cynthia.

Like every spirited boy Tony Wager cannot count the fights he had at school. His description of these is classically restrained.

He said to me: "Some I won, some I didn't."

But in his one-pupil schoolroom built near the set there is no material to fight, except when the script requires him to knock down Dickens' "pale young gentleman."

"Mr. Lean told me when to duck and when to hit him," Master Tony Wager told me. "It was too easy."

Film Reviews

★ ★ WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

COMEDY fantasy runs a bit wild in Fred MacMurray's starring film for Fox. A technicolor opus, it presents Fred in the musical comedy role of a medically unfit volunteer with a burning desire to get into the Army. A genial genie (well played by Gene Sheldon) materialises, and offers assistance, but, by mistake, Fred finds himself in the Army of the 18th Century. From there he moves on to one of Columbus' ships, then to an Indian wigwam, and a shop in New Amsterdam, before the twentieth century claims him again with his wish fulfilled.

Among all this fantastic nonsense, Fred and his genie blunder their way, and the lavish period costuming is effectively handled. Needless to say there are glamorous damsels continually in the foreground. Most notable is June Haver as a uniform-crazy blonde who snubs Fred when she appears in every sequence.

Pretty redhead Joan Leslie, who loves Fred and finally gets her man, also follows him through his adventures—Mayfair; showing.

★ ★ MAN FROM MOROCCO

THE age-old problem of personal sacrifice for an ideal is heavily displayed in this English film starring Anton Wallbrook. With him

"Smithy" color photo free to readers

IN response to many requests, and to celebrate the completion of "Smithy," Columbia Pictures are offering readers a free copy of the colored picture of Ron Randall which appeared in our issue of December 22, 1945. As Sir Charles Kingsford Smith, Ron Randall wears the uniform of an R.A.A.F. Air Commodore.

The art study is mounted on heavy paper and measures 9in. by 12in.

Applications can be made now for the picture by writing to "Kodachrome," Columbia Pictures Ltd., Box 334PT, Sydney.

are men of various nationalities who all joined as volunteers to fight Fascism in Spain. Captured and returned to France as a political prisoner, Wallbrook comes into the hands of brutal Foreign Legion officers, notably Doctor Dubois, played with horrifying reality by David Horne. Margaretta Scott introduced for feminine interest, her portrayal of a Spanish Comtesse is never convincing.—Lynette showing.

Plans for three new films being discussed in studios

By cable from CHRISTINE WEBB in Hollywood

Plans for forthcoming films are being discussed eagerly around the studios.

Clark Gable, who was disappointing in his last film, "Adventure," is hoping to make up by his starring role in "Fletcher of the Bounty," a sequel to "Mutiny on the Bounty." Although not in technicolor like its predecessor, it has a glamorous South American setting.

REX HARRISON, while still in his "King of Siam" make-up, discussed with actor Clifton Webb the possibility of producing Noel Coward's "Design for Living" again, with themselves and Joan Crawford, Gary Cooper, Fredric March, and Miriam Hopkins in the leading roles.

TONY MARTIN is expected to be loaned to Columbia to play the lead in Rita Hayworth's new film, "Down to Earth." His latest film for MGM, where he is under contract, is "Till the Clouds Roll By."

FOX crooner Dick Haymes told me this week: "My wife Joanne and I are planning to build a model little theatre adjoining our San Fernando Valley home, where we can put on new plays and develop new talent." Joanne, who is under contract to producer Howard Hawks, will play leading roles in the little theatre's productions while awaiting screen roles.

THE most glittering costume party since the war's end was given by millionaire radio manufacturer Alwater Kent for his movie star friends in his spacious Beverly Hills home. Greer Garson was stunning, dressed in French sailor fashion

in a striped cotton shirt, tight trousers, and a sailor pompon hat on top of her red curls. She was accompanied by her husband, Richard Ney.



WELCOME HOME by Bette Davis for four war veterans at a party given them by Jack L. Warner. Ex-servicemen are Wayne Morris, Ronald Reagan, Gig Young, and Harry Lewis; all have a bright film future.

Furniture from old home wanted by Ann Richards

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

A teakwood table under which she used to play as a small girl is one of the things Ann Richards hopes her mother will bring with her when she leaves Sydney to join her famous daughter in Hollywood.

THE table had carved on it horses' heads with wings, and Ann and her brother Roderick, when they were children, used to make up fantastic stories about these figures. Roderick was killed in Borneo.

Ann told me that as well as the table she wants her mother to bring some Dresden candlesticks and a set of Victorian chairs from their Sydney home.

"What I want most is a real Australian tea-cosy. I have been unable to get one here and I'm an avid tea drinker," said this Australian girl, as she poured tea for me on the shady verandah of her Hollywood home, with the scent of gums drifting over us.

Ann's mother will not come to Hollywood until after her daughter returns from the visit to Australia that she is planning.

Ann does not expect to arrive in Sydney before the end of this month, as the Hal Wallace production, "Searching Wind," in which she has her best part to date, is still being made.

Ann plays the wife of a diplomat who fights to retain her husband's love against the wiles of a newspaperwoman, played by Sylvia Sydney.

She ages from girlhood to maturity, becoming in the later scenes the mother of two grown-up children.

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Movie World

• **BARBARA STANWYCK.** One of Hollywood's most capable actresses in comedy or drama. In 1945 she was second highest paid woman in America, with an income of £97,000. Wife of screen star Robert Taylor, she lived quietly on their ranch

property while he was serving with the navy overseas. With Zeppo Marx she owns the successful Marinyck stables where she breeds horses as an investment. She has an adopted son, Dion. For Warners her next film will be "My Reputation."



Busy Hands

Stay Lovely

with Pond's Hand Lotion

Rich and concentrated, Pond's Hand Lotion is a special skin softener. Before retiring each night, sprinkle a few drops on to the palms of your hands and massage well in. Leave on while you sleep. You'll be thrilled to see how much whiter and softer your hands become.



FOR SOFT **Kissable** HANDS

Supplies will again become available when present restrictions are removed.

EVAN WILLIAMS
shampoo keeps the hair young.

TIRED OUT WITH HOUSEWORK AND SHOPPING

Win new energy through extra minerals in **BIDOMAK**. Get rid of nerves, run-down feeling or depression. Build plenty of rich, red blood. 14 days, no-risk test will prove it. When life is getting you down friends will say you need a rest and a change. But the best change you can get is right in your own blood stream! Pack it with new, rich, red blood cells and life-giving minerals through **BIDOMAK**—and you'll find sparkling new life coursing through your veins. **BIDOMAK** is guaranteed to make a new woman of you in 14 days, or cost you nothing—and here's the reason.

BLOOD STARVED FOR MINERALS.

Your blood stream, as you know, is one of your most important organs. It brings nourishment and life-giving oxygen to the tissues, contains chemical substances vitally essential to every organ, cell, nerve, bone and tissue in your body.

A mineral deficiency in the blood stream is a basic cause of many ills, including that group of disorders which we call "nerve troubles": weakness, lassitude, jumpiness, irritability, "depressed feeling," brain fog, inability to concentrate, some common forms of headache and stomach troubles.

NATURAL WAY TO HEALTH.

When you get enough of these minerals the results of mineral deficiency disappear and you regain health as a natural consequence. The essential, perfected **BIDOMAK** combined in it the glycerophosphates and phosphates of iron, calcium, sodium and potassium. Then he added Catalytic Copper and manganese salts in an approved form. These additional minerals speed up the activity of the others and make them easier still to assimilate.

QUICK IMPROVEMENT.

BIDOMAK makes you feel fitter and brighter quickly. Aches and



pains leave you. Work is no longer a burden—play is fun. You no longer feel depressed and irritable. Sleep comes naturally and you wake refreshed. The whole system is braced up—as a natural result of revitalized nerves and arteries recharged with new, rich, red blood cells.

DOES A WORLD OF GOOD WHEN RUN DOWN.

"I have taken **BIDOMAK** since you first placed it on the market whenever I have been run down, and it has always done me a world of good."

Sgt. (Miss) Elizabeth Callaghan.

NO RISK TEST.

Try pleasant-to-take **BIDOMAK** for 14 days—unless you feel stronger, and show a general all-round improvement in your health, the trial is absolutely free and your money is refunded on return of the nearly empty bottle to the Douglas Drug Co., Goulburn Street, Sydney. Get guaranteed **BIDOMAK** to-day.

3/-

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

"THE TONIC OF THE CENTURY"
for Nerves, Brain and that "Depressed" Feeling

Bidomak

Dead of Night: ghostly drama



1 ARRIVING at Pilgrim Farm, Craig (Mervyn Johns) realises scene and people are same in his recurring dream. Tells this, and hears ghost stories of each person.



2 CHRISTMAS children's party was scene of strange experience of Sally O'Hara (Sally Ann Howes), who, in disused room, found boy crying. Later finds he is a ghost.



3 CHIPPENDALE MIRROR, given by Joan Cortland (Google Withers) to her young husband (Ralph Michael), exerts evil influence and leads him to violent act.



4 MARRIAGE of Basil Radford (Parratt) and Peggy Bryan (Potter's ghost), haunting Parratt, who won bride by cheating.



5 DUMMY of ventriloquist Max Frere (Michael Redgrave) assumed malignant personality, driving his master to murder. This is another strange story told at this queer gathering.



6 CLIMAX to horror tales is reached when Craig realises the terrible end to his dream is coming true and he is not able to prevent it. He cannot get away, for characters of the stories shut him in, he struggles in vain.

Famous short stories combined to make film

BASED on original stories by H. G. Wells, E. F. Benson, John Baines, and Angus McPhail, "Dead of Night" is an Ealing Studios' horror drama, produced by Michael Balcon.

Those who have read those powerful, macabre stories "The Room in the Tower," "The Christmas Party," "The Ventriloquist," and "The Chippendale Mirror" will realise what this omnibus film holds in store for them.

New Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
4. A pure white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Laboratory tests prove **ARRID** is entirely harmless to any fabrics.

Arrid is the largest selling deodorant

At all chemists and stores selling toilet goods.
Distributors: Farnett & Johnson Ltd., Sydney
2/- jar **ARRID**



YOU CAN DEPEND ON

Eugène

The world-famous perm gives the shining waves and curls without frizz that are the basis of true and adaptable hair beauty. Insist on Eugene—never surpassed—safe! Ask to see the Sachets!

There's no Wave Like a Eugene Wave
eugène
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS—ALL STATES:
HILLCASTLE PTY. LTD.



Coats

THE CHOICE
OF EVERY WELL
DRESSED WOMAN

AT ALL LEADING STORES

Flower Colors for your

Fashion PATTERN Dresses

F4170.—Soft wool suit with a definite future in the months to come. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. wide, with 1yd. 36in. contrast. Pattern, 1/8.

Autumn leaf-green for a tailored wool dress.

F4172

F4172.—This practical wool "classic" is trim and tailored enough to wear anywhere. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

Geranium-red woolen for a warm house-coat-dressing-gown.

F4173

F4173.—A lovely house-gown for winter. It's warm and as pretty as a picture. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 7½yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

Soft wild violet for a wool dressmaker suit.

F4171

Primrose-yellow for a dress to go dancing.

F4174

Pale hydrangea-blue crepe to wear in the afternoon.

F4174.—Sweet frock that will answer your needs for afternoon and dinner dates. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

F4171.—You'll look even prettier in this delightful dance frock with its many frills. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 7yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

• **PLEASE NOTE:** To ensure the prompt despatch of orders by post you should: • Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE IN BLOCK LETTERS. • Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, AND COUPONS. • State size required. • If ordering by post, use box numbers given in concession pattern panel on page 17.

Certain-to-sell SHORT STORIES

A Via Weekly paid £7/18/- for one story. Numerous other students have also obtained good prices. Note:
"Nocturne" in "Smith's" recently brought me between £5 and £6.
"Three serials returned me £105."
"For my last story, 'The Darling of Hobart Town,' I received £8/10/6."
"In one week I had printed matter in only two papers, 'Smith's' and 'The Bulletin' to the amount of £7/15/-, which I think is rather satisfactory."
"I have had three articles accepted by JLO and broadcast by the A.B.C."
"The Bulletin" headlined my story, 'Justice.' I received £4/10/6 for it."
"I have just received a cheque for £4/12/6 from 'The Bulletin' for my story, 'Old George.'"
"I received £5 for my first story, 'Twin Ships,' and for 'Tilly Pulls Through,' £6/6/-."

Stott's Correspondence College

100 Russell Street, Melbourne; 149 Chatterbox Street, Sydney; 290 Adelaide Street, Brisbane; 50 Grenfell Street, Adelaide; 254 Murray Street, Perth.
You, too, can win success as a writer by taking STOTT'S Postal Course.
MAIL THIS COUPON — CUT HERE
To Stott's: Please send me Literary Prospectus Free, and without obligation.
MY NAME
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Kidney Trouble and Backache Gone in 1 Week

Flush Kidneys With Cystex and You'll Feel Fine

Cystex—the prescription of a famous doctor—improves faulty kidney action to double quick time, so if you suffer from Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Backache, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Disinches, Cries under Eyes, frequent Headaches and Colds, Poor Energy and Appetite, Puffy Ankles or Interrupted Sleep, go to your chemist to-day for Cystex.

Cystex Helps Nature 3 Ways

The Cystex treatment is highly scientific, being specially compounded to nourish, tone and clean kidneys and bladder and to remove acids and poisons from your system safely, quickly and surely, yet contains no harsh, harmful or dangerous drugs. Cystex works in these 3 ways to end your troubles—
(1) Starts killing the germs which are attacking your kidneys, bladder, and urinary system in two hours, yet is absolutely harmless to human tissue.
(2) Gets rid of health-threatening, deadly poisonous acids with which your system has become saturated.
(3) Strengthens and re-energizes the kidneys, protects you from the ravages of disease-attack on the delicate filter organ, and eliminates the entire system.

Feels a Different Woman

"I have been taking Cystex for Kidney and Bladder trouble, and it has made a different woman of me. I am feeling splendid, can do all my work, run about, and walk miles although I am 62 years of age. Cystex does all you claim for it." (Signed) M. L. Zenin, Thompson Estate, Brisbane.

Now Able to Walk Without Stick

"I had Kidney and Bladder complaint, pains in leg and back; in fact, I had to use a walking stick. I have used two bottles of Cystex, now I have no pains anywhere, and I consider Cystex the greatest medicine in the world for Kidney complaint." (Signed) J. McPherson, Wandrichson Station, N.S.W.

Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money Back

Get Cystex from your chemist to-day. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, or your money back if you return the empty package. Act now! New in 2 sizes—4/-, 8/-.

This is a GUARANTEED Cystex Treatment for Your Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism.

Your Dog

If your dog's coat is dull or loose—if he is listless or won't eat—give him BARKO Condition Powder.

BARKO Condition Powder

ALL CHEMISTS

Itch Germs Cause Killed in 3 Days

Your skin has nearly 50 million tiny seams and pores, where germs hide and cause terrible itching, Cracking, Redness, Peeling, Burning, Acne, Ringworm, Pustules, Blackheads, Pimples, Foot Itch, and other blemishes. Ordinary treatments give only temporary relief because they do not kill the germ cause. The new discovery, Nixoderm, kills the germ quickly and is guaranteed to give you a soft, clear, attractive, smooth skin in one week, or money back on return of empty package. Get guaranteed Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day and remove the real cause of skin trouble.

Nixoderm 2/- & 4/- For Skin Sores, Pimples and Itch.

BRIGHT IDEAS



ALCOVE FITMENT: When planning your home make provision for as many built-in fixtures as possible. This cuts down furnishing costs. Saves space. The built-in dressing fitment shown above is full of interest. It's so compact, yet so attractive.



ATTIC BEDROOM: In a home with a high-pitched roof an enterprising family-man built this bedroom as an extra for family needs. A sturdy "ladder" by way of an enlarged manhole to roof provides entrance to attic. Note—built-in bed with its storage features.

Make the most of

AUTUMN ROSES

By Our Home Gardener

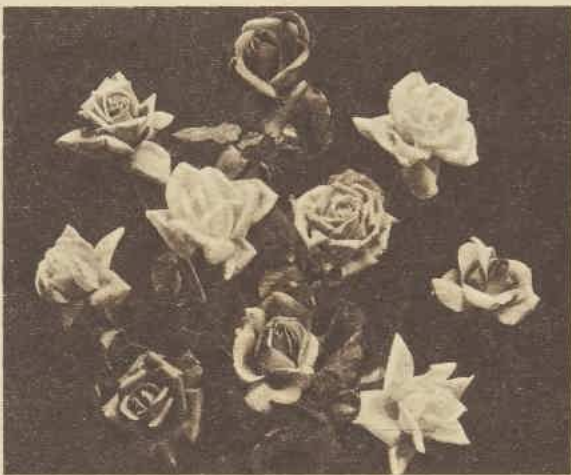
THE problem of producing lovely autumn roses, and plenty of them, is a matter of summer care of the bushes and climbers.

The procedure required to keep roses in good health can be summed up into three sections—feeding, watering, and protection from disease and pests.

Feeding should have been proceeding right through the summer in the form of a manurial mulch, which would also keep the roots cool and moist. It is too late to do much now, as the roses are bursting into leaf and bud again, but some help can be afforded by giving the bushes a well-balanced fertiliser. This must be recognised, however, as a stimulant and heavy application should be avoided.

A very late, heavy feed may result in soft, lush autumn growth that will make the plants susceptible to winter injury.

If the soil is dry when fertiliser is applied it is advisable to give a very thorough watering, in order that it may become effective as soon as possible. Fertiliser lying inert in



MIXED ROSES when well arranged are always attractive. These fine blooms add color to any room, and their fragrance is unforgettable.

dry soil for several weeks and then suddenly made available by heavy rain may have the same result as a late application in stimulating late growth.

Unless rainfall is adequate, the rose bed or isolated bushes should be given a very thorough watering every week in our climate. Roses root deeply and sprinkling will not do. The soil should be moistened to a depth of at least 6 in.

Disease control is important and

regular dustings of sulphur will check mildew and occasional sprayings of Bordeaux mixture will check black spot. Pest control is more or less incidental with the rose, but aphids is always present during periods of new growth and this pest succumbs easily to nicotine sulphate sprayings.

With a bit of planning and watching, there is no reason why gardeners everywhere should not obtain a colorful display of autumn roses.

Hints to the home nurse . . . By MEDICO

"HOW is he to-day, doctor?" asked Mrs. Jones, as I came out of her husband's room.

"He's doing fine," I told her, "another week or two of your good nursing and we'll have him up and about again."

"Oh, that's good news, doctor," she smiled wilyly. "But I had no idea that nursing was such a difficult job."

"Nursing is not difficult," I said, "if you go about it in the right way."

"Then all I can say is, I must be going about it in the wrong way," replied Mrs. Jones bitterly. "If it is not one thing, it's another. I never seem to give Jim his medicine on time. I scald my hands every time I make a hot compress, and the hot water bottle leaks. To make matters worse, Jim is fidgety, noises worry him, even the ticking of the clock or the door slamming puts him on edge. I don't think he would be so bad if he could read—he likes reading—but the pillows don't give his back enough support, and then he complains that his back aches."

Poor Mrs. Jones was on the verge of tears.

"Goodness me," I said cheerfully, "those problems are easily solved."

"Yes," I answered. "But let's take them one at a time. First of all you have trouble with the hot compresses?" Mrs. Jones looked at her red hands.

"Well, I suppose you have a vegetable strainer?" She nodded. "Then all you have to do is place the cloth in the strainer, cover it with boiling water, and then press the water out with a plate. In our house we use a potato ricer, but a vegetable strainer serves the purpose just as well. Now, what is the next problem?"

"The hot water bottle; it leaks," said Mrs. Jones.

"Then heat up some salt and pour it into the bag; it's just as good as water, and it holds the heat a long time."

"As for the noises which upset Jim's nerves, they're easily banished. Put his clock on a bedside table and cover it with a glass; that will end the ticking. You can prevent the door from slamming by placing a folded towel round the door, catching it over both door-knobs."

"Now, why didn't I think of that before!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones.

"You've had enough to occupy your mind," I told her. "But to go on with the problems. You said Jim's back aches if he reads for any length of time. What he needs is

a good firm back-rest. Slip your washboard into a pillowcase and place it behind his pillows; it will make a firm back-rest. And now for the forgotten medicine—have you a clock that won't go?"

"I'm afraid I have several," laughed Mrs. Jones.

"Bring one out from the cupboard," I said, "it's going to come in useful now."

"In what way?" asked Mrs. Jones. "It will act as a reminder," I explained. "When you give Jim his medicine, move the hands to the time when the next dose is due. And while we're talking about medicine here's an idea—always pour it from the bottle with the label side up, then when the medicine runs down the side of the bottle—as it will—it won't obliterate the instructions on the label."

"Those ideas of yours certainly make nursing easier," said Mrs. Jones.

"Home nursing and first-aid should be an essential part of every child's education—both girls and boys," I said. "There will never be enough trained nurses and hospitalists to look after everyone who is sick. I think that home nursing has as much logic and reasoning in it as algebra and geometry—and it's much more useful."



HOLLYWOOD'S OWN MAKE-UP HERE FOR YOU

HOLLYWOOD knows all the answers when it comes to beauty and MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD leads the way in everything that's new in the world's glamour with the latest and most exciting fashions in make-up. Stocks of the famous Color Harmony Make-up are still limited, but we hope it won't be long before we can supply you with Pan-Cake Make-up, Face Powder, Rouge, True-color Lipstick and all the other extensively originated Color Harmony beauty aids that have made MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD the most important name in make-up to millions of women all over the world. Keep asking for MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD at the cosmetic counters of leading chemists and departmental stores.

Max Factor HOLLYWOOD & LONDON

"COSMETICS OF THE STARS"



MARVELLOUS new discovery!—makes eyelashes and eyebrows actually grow! Now as never before you can positively have long, curling, silken lashes and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows. No matter how scant your eyelashes and brows, Le Charme Eyelash Grower will increase their length and thickness in 30 days.

Le Charme EYELASH GROWER

Thousands of Women Prove It!

—prove beyond doubt that this astounding new discovery fringes the eyes with long, curling, natural lashes—makes eyebrows lovely, silken lines.

RESULTS EVIDENT IN ONE WEEK

In one week—often in a day or so—you see the lashes become more beautiful, like silken fringe! Remember—this guarantees you satisfactory results in 30 days or your money refunded in full.

Make up your eyes correctly, and you will be overjoyed with the added beauty you will gain. If unsatisfactory from your Chemist or Store, 3/6 East Post from Box 1238, G.P.O., Sydney.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim!

The liver should give out two pounds of liquid bile daily or your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired and weary, and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in keeping you fit.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/2-4-6



ABOVE is shown baby's basket designed to hold the wee brush and comb, talc, and other necessary odds and ends. By the way, a basket like this would make a lovely christening gift.

EVERY GIRL and woman will be interested in the glamorous little bedjacket illustrated at left. If no lace at hand, use another dainty fabric and mount it as directed in the accompanying article.

Sweet gifts for mother and babe

THIS adorable little jacket is made of wide lace flouncing gathered up along the shoulders and across the back, and will make you feel your daintiest during the days in bed after baby is born.

To make it you need 3yds. flouncing, 18in. wide, or 13yds. piece lace 36in. wide. For the lining you can use any small pieces of pastel silk or chiffon from an old dress.

First make yourself a paper pattern for the lining from the diagram on this page. Cut the back, two fronts, and sleeves and join them together at shoulder and side seams and insert sleeves. Hem all the raw edges.

Now cut out the lace pieces as the dotted lines of the diagram. Gather up each front shoulder to

●Lacy bedjacket and basket for baby's needs.

fit shoulder of lining and gather right across the back to fit the back of lining. Join at shoulder seams and underarm seams. Join the sleeve seams, gather the top of each sleeve to fit armhole and insert.

Place the lace jacket over the lining, catch together along the shoulder seams. Slip-stitch the two front edges together and all round the neck. Edge the neck with a tiny frill of lace.

Baby's basket

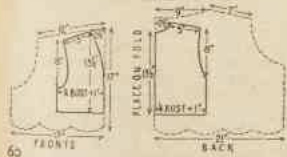
YOU can use any round basket for the foundation and cover it in this dainty way and you will

have the sweetest, little nest for baby's tiny brush and comb, his powder box, and all the other little odds and ends he needs at his toilet.

Any pieces of white or pastel silk can be joined to make the lining. You will need a circle 4in. larger all round than the base of the basket and 2 strips to go all round the basket as deep as the basket. In the lace or net you need a double net circle for the base and 2 strips each twice the circumference of the basket to allow for the gathering, and 2in. wider than depth of basket. Join the net and silk circles together. Gather up the long edges of one net strip to length of silk strip, place together and join round the edge of circle. Fit into the basket and catch to base with stitches right through basket. Catch round the top, leaving a frill.

Gather the straight edge of remaining strip, making a 1in. folded hem at the top for frill. Catch to top of silk strip (hemmed at lower edge) and attach to lining. Cover the join with a silk cord and finish the basket with a pretty bow.

MAKE a paper pattern from the diagram for the lining of the bed-jacket. Follow the dotted lines when cutting out your pieces of lace.



Keeping baby's bowels healthy

By SISTER MARY JACOB

MANY of you wrongly think that the presence of "thread" or "pin" worms in the bowels is due to wrong feeding, and cannot understand why your children sometimes suffer from this infestation when you have been particularly careful about their diet.

You overlook the fact that infection comes from outside, and that egg-infested matter can cling to toys or articles used by other children or adults who have the trouble.

Often whole families are affected with this type of parasite, and, if so, all in the family need to be treated. If the trouble is to be eradicated.

However, when a child's nutrition is good, and the bowels are in a healthy state, the trouble is not likely to get such a hold as in the case of a badly fed child who is given too many sweet and starchy foods and is having a badly balanced diet.

A leaflet dealing with the causes and treatment of this widespread trouble can be had from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 5th Floor, Scottish House, 18 Bridge Street, Sydney. Send stamped addressed envelope for copy.

In only 10 days This Complexion Miracle



Skin that looks as though it has had an expensive massage—thanks to amazing discoveries by cosmeticians in recent years



You can do what this girl did...with today's Erasmic Creams

In only 10 days! It sounds like a fairy tale...but thousands of women who are using to-day's Erasmic Creams have astounded friends with the ravishing change in their complexions after this simple 10-day beauty care. Here's all you do:

1. Each morning (and whenever you make up) put your powder over a glamourising foundation of ERASMIC VANISHING CREAM. Then you'll radiate loveliness for hours. A precious ingredient has now been added to make Erasmic Vanishing Cream softer, lighter and spread amazingly fast.

2. Each night, smooth luscious ERASMIC COLD CREAM into

your skin. It's now a specially deep cleansing cream—it clears your skin of all clogging secretions...softens any little lines.

3. Remove cream-softened dirt and old make-up with a soft cloth, always wiping upwards. Wash with warm water and soap. Pat the skin dry.

4. Into your now immaculate skin, massage a little more Erasmic Cold Cream and leave on all night. It will give your skin a flower-fresh look and a satiny feel.

Both creams are sold in handy tubes and jars—price 1/2 each—get yours to-day and see the difference in your skin in only 10 days!

When it's
QUEUE...QUEUE...QUEUE...
all day long!



Build your resistance to the strain of today's living with

CLEMENTS TONIC

An Actual User says:

"After I had undergone two operations I was a nervous wreck and couldn't get my strength back. I tried several tonics without success, so on the advice of my mother, who had also derived benefit from Clements Tonic, I got a bottle and took it, and could feel myself getting stronger. I am now quite well, again."
—MRS. E.T.
(Original letter on file for inspection.) 1/126

OVER 30,000,000 BOTTLES SOLD IN 60 YEARS! If you feel half-sick all the time, no energy, your nerves are bad, and your sleep poor, revitalize your system, and enrich your blood with invigorating Clements Tonic. Every ingredient it contains has a definite purpose in restoring you to vigorous cheerful health.



CLEMENTS TONIC



TRADE MARK & PACKAGE ARE THE GUARANTEE OF QUALITY



More Pies



MOCHA PIE is an all-time favorite. For a summer menu, try it after a salad platter . . . in winter it is a cheery sight after a steaming hot-pot.

● Pies that cater for he-man appetites . . . pies that are big, golden brown and handsome, sweet pies, spice perfumed and juice bubbling . . . savory pies fit for a king. Pies to send soaring your stock as a cook.

By **OLWEN FRANCIS**

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

THESE recipes should make the family lyrical.

NUTTY CHEESE PASTRY FOR FISH OR VEGETABLE PIES

Two cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, dash of cayenne pepper, 2-3rds cup shortening, 1 cup finely grated cheese, 1-3rd cup finely chopped nuts, about 1-3rd cup cold water.

Sift flour, salt, and pepper. Rub in shortening. Add cheese and nuts and mix to a dry dough with water. Chill before rolling. Roll to thin sheet, about 1/8 inch thick, and use for pies or tarts. Enough for a double 8-inch pie crust or about 18 3-inch patty shells.

SPICY PASTRY FOR SWEET PIES

Two cups flour, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, pinch of salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, pinch of ground cloves, 2-3rds cup shortening (dripping or lard), 1 tablespoon treacle, 3 tablespoons water or fruit juice.

Sift dry ingredients together and rub in shortening. Stir in treacle and water or fruit juice. Roll dough to 1/8 inch thick and use for sweet pies or tarts. Bake in a hot oven (450deg. F.) 10 to 15 minutes. Sufficient for a double crust 8-inch pie or about 18 3-inch patty shells.

STEAK AND OYSTER PIE

Six ounces shortcrust pastry, 1lb. round steak, 1 onion, 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 tablespoon flour, 3 cups water, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 dozen oysters.

Cut the steak into small pieces

and brown in the heated fat. Brown the sliced or chopped onion and the flour, and stir in the water. Add meat. Season with pepper and salt. Cover and simmer slowly 1 1/2 hours. Add lemon rind and oysters and turn into a pie dish. Cover with pastry, trim edges, and decorate top with pastry leaves and pastry rose. Glaze with milk or beaten egg and bake in a hot oven (450deg. F.) for 20 minutes. Serve piping hot. For four.

APPLE GINGER PIE

One quantity (8oz. flour) spicy pastry, 2 cups apple puree, 1 cup custard sauce or cream, 1 table-

spoon chopped ginger, sugar or honey to sweeten.

Line an 8-inch pie-plate with half the pastry. Fill with combined mixture of apple puree, custard sauce, chopped ginger sweetened with sugar or honey. Moisten edge of pastry and top with remaining pastry, trimming edges neatly. Brush with a glaze of sugar and water. Bake in a hot oven (450deg. F.) for 10 minutes and then reduce heat to moderate (375deg. F.) and bake a further 15 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

MITZIE'S MOCHA PIE

Six ounces shortcrust pastry, 2 cups strong milk coffee, 2oz. chocolate, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 1/2 tablespoons cornflour, 2 egg-yolks, few drops almond essence, 2 egg-whites,

3 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons chopped nuts.

Line a pie-plate with pastry and bake in a hot oven (450deg. F.) about 10 minutes until crisp and brown. Shred chocolate and add to it about 2 tablespoons of the milk coffee and heat over boiling water until the chocolate is melted. Blend cornflour with a little cold coffee. Heat remaining coffee and sugar; stir in the cornflour and chocolate. Bring to the boil. Cool slightly, beat in the egg-yolks, and cook over boiling water for about 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Cool slightly, add essence, and pour into the baked pastry case. Whip egg-whites, gradually adding the sugar, to a stiff snow. Pile on to the chocolate filling and sprinkle with nuts. Return to slow oven to crisp and lightly brown the meringue.

What's coming for the kitchen

NOT this year but perhaps next will see some revolutionary changes in every woman's kitchen.

The war has taught us valuable lessons in metals, plastics, streamlined designs. Many improvements for household equipment are still in the laboratory stage; others are being held back so as not to retard the speed of producing much-needed household necessities. Aprons will wave with joy and excited welcome when these promised appliances appear.

ELECTRIC RANGES with 5 to 7 cooking speeds for each unit, automatic time signals, no-stain oven vents, controlled humidity, warming compartments, special griddle plates, generous toasting space taking up to 12 slices of bread.

GAS RANGES, streamlined in every feature, automatic oven regulator, automatic lighting, non-clog burners, fingertip control of giant flames, and minute simmering flames.

REFRIGERATORS with easy temperature control, inside lighting, quick-freezing cabinet, controlled humidity.

DEEP DOMESTIC FREEZERS, cabinet type, taking approximately 300lb. assorted perishables, 6 to 18 cubic feet; or the 4-hole freezer up to 15-gallon storage capacity. These freezers will store cooked and fresh foods for home usage for 6 to 12 months.

DISH WASHERS that perform all the functions of dish-washing, drying and rinsing their own interior automatically. An electric household machine has been de-

veloped that is a combination sink, automatic dish-washer, and garbage disposer. There is also an automatic washer that has a double tub, one for dishes, one for clothes. The clothes-washer parts can be lifted out and replaced with dish-washer parts.

VACUUM CLEANERS with radio interference eliminators, air filters, flashlight indicator when bag needs emptying, improved machinery, and a dozen gadgets for household use.

KITCHEN UTENSILS, streamlined for maximum efficiency . . . vegetable shredders, juice extractors, pastry wheels, service scoops, fruit pitters, vegetable ball cutters, oiled silk zipper food bags, heat-proof glass saucepans and coffee percolators, pressure cookers.

CREAMED FISH PIE WITH NUTTY PASTRY

Six ounces shortcrust pastry, about 2 1/2 cups flaked cooked fish, 1 1/2 cups good white sauce, 1 egg-yolk, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon celery salt, 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper (may be omitted), 1 egg-white, about 2 tablespoons shelled peanuts.

Combine fish and the sauce, beaten with the egg-yolk. Season with lemon juice or a little sherry. Add celery salt and green pepper. Turn into a pie dish and top with pastry, trimming edges and decorating with pastry leaves. Glaze with beaten egg-white and sprinkle with peanuts. Bake in a hot oven (450deg. F.) for 10 minutes; reduce heat to moderate (350deg. F.) and bake a further 10 to 15 minutes. Serve hot. For four.

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a morning



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There's no longer the slightest need of being ashamed of your freckles, as Kintho—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these unsightly spots. Simply get an ounce of Kintho from any chemist and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is so soon that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kintho, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

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Dr. JUDD'S

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CONTAINS GLUCOSE FOR ENERGY

FRUIT SALINE

Not only a pleasant, cooling drink, but aids kidney & liver action — truly, Alive with Health!



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Generous size bottle 2/4
Delightfully perfumed—soothing and beautifying.

WHITE GRAPES, frosted, are a delicious accessory for a cheese salad, says Hedy Lamarr, MGM star... also for poultry or fish salad.

EGG SALAD with frosty cucumber and olives or capers in mayonnaise... served in crisp greens, lettuce or cress.



Smart budget dishes

- First prize this week goes to a penny-saving meat recipe, a savory seasoned breast of mutton for hot or cold service.

READERS without refrigerators will be interested in the prize-winning recipe for making ice-cream.

A packing of salted ice is used. Any ice-cream recipe may be frozen in this way. Both containers must be tightly lidded. The whipping of the ingredients once during freezing gives a smoother cream.

SAVORY SANDWICHED MUTTON

Two pounds breast of mutton, 3 carrots, 2 onions, 1 small turnip, small bunch of herbs, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 2 tablespoons chutney, salad vegetables or hot potatoes and greens.

Trim mutton, cutting round small bones but not removing. Place in boiling water and simmer 10 minutes. Add prepared vegetables, herbs, pepper, and simmer gently until the meat is tender—1½ to 2 hours. Lift meat on to a flat dish. Remove the bones and slice into two or three layers. Mash the vegetables and add the chutney and sandwich the meat together with vegetables as filling. Press with heavy weight, and chill. If to be served cold slice into finger shapes and serve on lettuce. If hot, slice and coat with egg and breadcrumbs and deep-fry.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. C. Webster, 777 High St., East Kew, Melbourne.

ICE-CREAM WITHOUT A REFRIGERATOR

Four tablespoons dried milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, pinch salt, 1 pint milk, 1 teaspoon gelatine, 1 cup hot water, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 block of ice, pint sized tin with tightly fitting lid, a large can (3 quart) with lid.

Dissolve dry milk, sugar and salt in the milk. Dissolve the gelatine in the hot water and whisk into

the milk. Pour into small tin and replace lid firmly. Place in larger can and pack round with cracked ice sprinkled well with common salt. Replace can lid and place can in wet bag or pack tightly round with newspaper. After about an hour take out ice-cream, whip well and add vanilla. Replace as before, packing with ice, this time doubling quantity of salt added. Freeze in this way for a further two hours. For six.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. Robertson, 14 Raeburn Ave., Castlecrag, N.S.W.

RABBIT DELICIOUS

One rabbit, flour, salt, pepper, 1 large cooking apple, 1 large onion, 2 or 3 tomatoes, 1 cup breadcrumbs, little bacon fat or dripping.

Soak rabbit for 2 hours in cold salted water. Joint, and place in thickly greased oven dish. Sprinkle with flour, pepper, and salt. Cover with sliced apple, then sliced onion, and top with sliced tomato.

Cook in a slow oven about 2½ hours. Take out of oven, cover with breadcrumbs, dot with bacon fat or dripping, and return to briar oven to brown.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. F. Harvey, 4 Alexander St., Paddington, N.S.W.

ORANGE ROCKIES

Eight ounces flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt, 3oz. shortening, 3oz. sugar, grated rind of 1 orange, 1 egg, 3 tablespoons orange juice.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Rub in shortening. Add sugar and orange rind and stir in beaten egg and orange juice. Place in small spoonfuls on a greased tray. Bake in a moderate oven (375deg. F.) for 10 to 15 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. Richards, 18 Barkly St., St. Kilda, Melbourne.

Welcome Home FLIT SOLDIER!



On all the far-flung battlefronts of the war, the Flit soldier has been defending the health of fighting men. He has destroyed the mosquitoes that propagate yellow fever and malaria; the fleas and lice that spread typhus and a host of other diseases.

Now we are happy to welcome the Flit soldier home—home to give you and your family the powerful protection against the dangers and torments of these vile insect pests.

This means that Flit—with the familiar figure of the Flit soldier on the package, plus the addition of famous D.D.T., is available when and where you want it.

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safe, dependable treatment of ordinary, everyday ailments, such as Coughs, Colds, Sore Throats, Indigestion, etc.

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